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METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES,

BY

WARNER CHRISTIAN SEARCH.

LL. D. F. R. S. AND M. R. I. A.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

O gen[illegible]attonitum gelidæ formidine mortis,
——————quid nomina vana timetis,
MATERIEM *vatum?*——————
Morte carent animæ; semperque, priore relictâ
Sede, novis domibus habitant, vivuntque receptæ.
OVID.

DUBLIN.
MILLIKEN AND SON, GRAFTON-STREET.
BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.
LONDON: B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.

1835.

658.

Dublin, Printed by J. S. Folds, 5, Bachelor's-Walk.

STRONG APPLICATION—LONG HESITATION—WRONG TERMINATION—VIZ. DEDICATION.

I HAVE been applied to, by my respectable publisher, for the filling of a few pages more. *Why* so applied to, I perhaps could not reveal, without divulging the secrets of that prison-house—the compositor's boudoir. Suffice it to say, that certain *pages*, in as yet unfed attendance,* are described as being pale,—if not as a sheet, at least as half a sheet,†—and emblems, in default of types, of mere and total inanition.—But what nutriment can my exhausted ink-bottle supply? "A table of contents," replies compositor; "a list of errata, and a dedication."——For the contents, be it so, (as judges say, when they are granting an application;) and I have only to wish, that amongst the contents, my indulgent readers may be found. But, for the

* And which are wanting (*i. e.* being wanted) to complete my typographical establishment, or suite.

† For, I am told, there are but six of them.

list of *errata*, it will be scant, and go little way towards giving the fulness which these empty pages crave. The list will, I expect, be as meagre as themselves. Thanks to the diabolical correctness of my printers.—Devils !—They have rather been angel guardians of my feeble, minor (or minus) sense ; and served it as faithfully, as the Demon of Socrates once served him.

But the Dedication !—to whom shall it come, hop-ing ?—To MY FRIENDS ? Alas ! when discovered, I fear they will prove *too few*. Like the comet, they are as yet invisible ; but, unlike it, they are not making any approaches, if I be a good observer. My surname is not *Find*, but *Search ;* and I have long, and perhaps too diligently and affectionately, sought for them in vain. I do not mean to say, that I am absolutely (God forbid I should be !) without friends. But,—still unlike Halley's to-be-refulgent one,—they are not to be looked for in high quarters ; amongst the sidereal brilliancy of grand crosses ; or even twinklers of second — though *commanding* — magnitude. The first of these, at least, would keep a lofty distance from me ; as I *humbly* hope the comet also will.

Then, the Lords.—Why, these might reject my

pages, without reading them a second time ;* and assuredly would never suffer them to get into comet-tee ; (though sent up by a large majority of specially provided and new-made pens ;)—and no blame to their Lordships, as my countrymen sometimes say.———In short, my friends, if I have any, are not to be found, amid the blaze of those literal, figurative, or literary stars, whose proud and exalted perquisite all dedications are.

Then shall I direct my kotou TO MY ENEMIES, as a sort of *pis aller ?*—Amongst these there be some that shine ; and, instead of being (like the friendly troop) *too few*, they may, in more than one sense, have proved *too many* for me. But their influence I have already found to be the opposite of benign ; and I will take the orthodox course, of wishing " that mine enemy would write a book," rather than heretically make him a Dedicatee of mine.

Turning my huffed back upon the present Times, shall I address my introductory petition TO PRINCE POSTERITY ?† No : I am not so fulsomely pre-

* I believe parliamentary usage would secure them a first reading.

† Swift has conferred this title on posterity. (See Tale of a Tub.)

sumptuous as that. I fear his Highness might "return the bills," as unceremoniously as Jupiter appears (in the Dunciad*) to have done. Be this as it may, as

"the life to come, in every writer's creed,"

is not one to which I can aspire, I have no right to obtrude myself on generations yet to come.

Again, shall I inscribe, or devote, this volume TO THE MEMORY OF MY WRITINGS PAST? Their memory! There is no such shadow in existence. Those writings and their scribbler are long and utterly forgotten. *Periere ruinæ:* you might as well rummage for the site of Babylon, or vestiges of Troy.† Memory!—The world has as bad a memory as I have myself.

* Book ii.

† See stanzas, headed "CADUCA," at the end of this volume. The above comparison, in the text, however, is unapt. I not only could never

"build the lofty rhyme,"

but have at no time constructed prose, of an elevation, of which Babylon or Ilium could be offered as a type. Even with a village, (though it were not *Auburn*,) my literary cottages, neither prosaic nor poetic, could compete.

Shall I then make to THUS ET ODORES,* my complimental bow? Nay, these, in their last moments, my poor pages will be embracing; and when I have perished, from just neglect, I shall have to be, by them, embalmed. But, in the mean time *(fatebor enim)* I have not a spice of attachment, wherewith to requite their warmth; and will not make to their pungencies, or aromaships, an anathema of my little volume.†

What, then, remains? Shall I dedicate to my readers?

> ——— Peream male, si non
> Optimum!

and here, closing my name-sake search for patrons, I accordingly will do it.

* Horace, Ep. lib. 11. Ep. 1. l. 269.

† Ανάθημα, not ανάθεμα: for I mean an offering; not a curse.

DUOBUS, VEL NEMINI,*

ITS FEW AND GENTLE READERS,

MATERIAL AND IMMATERIAL,

(FOR THE LATTER, NEMO APPEARS "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE,")

THIS SMALL,

YET AS SOME MAY THINK TOO BULKY

VOLUME,

FRAUGHT WITH ARGUMENTS

(A L' IRLANDAISE)

OF GREATER HEAVINESS THAN WEIGHT,

IS, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT AND QUAINTNESS,

PRESENTED, BY ITS

AUTHOR.

* Which may be thus translated, rather loosely:—

To Two, or should I rather say to one
Nay, if thus accurate, e'en say to None.

Be it remembered, that my order for a table of contents, or bill of particulars, I hereby reverse. As to the list of errata, or errors on the record, sub judice lis est; or cur. adv. vult.

ERRATA, OR NO ERRATA ?

Why need I (virtually) obliterate a superfluous asterisk, or supply the want of one ? In a country which is said to be the land of jobbing, cannot the reader do both of these little jobs, quietly and gently, for himself? For example, in the text of page 26, introduce a † at the word *amicé*,—and strike his pen across a * before the last line (in a note) of page 67 ? Again, why turn Brobdignag into Brobdingnag, when the former, albeit wrongly spelled, sounds to my ear the more gigantic and less pronounceable of the two ? Brobdingnag runs, with a too Lilliputian facility, off the tongue. In short, when of my—or rather of Mr. Milliken's pages—it may be said, that

> If to their share, some venial errors fall,
> Look on their face, and you'll forget them all ;

why should I awaken this indulgent forgetfulness, by a startling flapper-list of *errata ?* Ought not

the last item of the enumeration to be my own *erratum*, in furnishing such a list ?

At the same time, I must say to myself, *gare !* Pygmalion fell in love with his own handiwork; and Narcissus (which was very unkind to Echo) with himself. I must take care not to become enamoured of the joint manufacture of my publishers and myself. They gave the form, while I but supplied the bit of mind ; which, I am told, is by some considered as a perfectly immaterial addition.——But to certain—surely not worse than *typical*—D——s, I am bound, or at least warranted, to repeat my thanks. Then

" Elves and Demons, hear,"*

while I reiterate acknowledgments, which are justly due ; and which, though laughingly given, are not the less sincere.

* Rape of the Lock.

PREFACE.

AMONGST the following pages, I am told that there are some, which touch, and even conflict with, certain arguments of Lord Brougham. Though induced by its interesting title, and the lustre of the Author's name, I mean to read his Lordship's Discourse with suitable attention, I have not as yet seen a sentence of that work, beyond those extracts which are contained in Mr. Wallace's Observations; and not having finished my perusal of this latter Tract, I even may not have seen all the extracts which it gives. With those which I have seen, I am not aware of having come into collision. If the case were otherwise, I might borrow that self-consolation, to which the too fluent* *Achelous* resorted, when, having presumed to contend with *Hercules*, he found himself (as he might have expected to be) overcome. His words, if I recollect them, were,

——————— nec tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est.

* *Perhaps, in this respect, like myself.*

METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.

READER, a walk by moonlight is not unpleasant: what do you say to a ramble in the dark?

That it is a widely different thing. Assuming it to be a proceeding, (which implies advance,) it is however a groping one at best. We may fail to distinguish where our footing is steady, and where it is unsure. We are not unlikely, "by friar's lantern led," to go astray; and, in doing so, to knock our heads against our best and firmest hopes; and in overturning them, to crush our happiness, and destroy ourselves. I am supposing you to talk figura-

tively; and to be proposing a metaphysical excursion.

Even so: but my course shall be a *pedetentim* one. I will be cautious; and add your caution to my own. So, in order to contribute this, you are bound in conscience to accompany me.

Video meliora; deteriora sequor; and consent to be your partner in this erratic dance. But whither shall we ramble?

Nay, the question involves a contradiction of terms. I cannot answer it. The scheme would cease to be a ramble, if it had a whither.

But, what is to be our object?

Safely and entertainingly to lose our way; and if, in doing so, we come across Lord Brougham and Mr. Wallace,* perhaps they will permit us to share their blindman's-buff.

Allons! enter the labyrinth: I will attend

* I have not read, but merely seen some eloquent extracts from, the *Discourse* of the former. Neither have I finished the acute and argumentative observations of the latter. But perhaps so much the better. A perusal of such wise gravities *affigit humo* the levity with which I feel disposed to soar and smatter on. Even without such perusal, the very seriousness of my subject will probably, from time to time, impose a check; and cause me to be occasionally as grave as portions of my inquiry may be.

you; and "hover through the fog." Who knows but, after our mysterious wanderings, we may have to laugh at finding ourselves at—or near—the point from which we started.

Be this as it may, let us start at once. Are you a believer in the immateriality of Mind?

You trip at the very outset. Immateriality is a term of mere denial. It has too great a resemblance to the algebraic negative quantity, or to zero. Your question therefore is indistinct and incomplete.

Nay, you are too punctilious.

Not a whit. You proposed my joining in a twilight ramble, on the terms of its being a safe one. In furtherance of this security, I but require that you should be as correct *a Rambler* as Samuel Johnson was; that your words shall possess a meaning, perceptible and precise; and be used and answered in it. Where the *Paroles* family* (of whom we hear in Shakspeare) are

* If I have not been given an inch, neither can I be taxed with having, in my spelling, taken an L. I have, on the contrary, omitted one. The name of Bertram's follower is *Parolles*. But any one who hears him prate, and attends to Helena's description of him, will be more likely to pronounce him of a *wordy*, than of a worthy stock.

but quasi representatives of a meagre Gatton, or old Sarum, I do not like to see them claim an ideal constituency, as portly as the county of Cork or a Yorkshire Riding might supply. Though, as to the ideality of a Cork constituency,—*forsan quære*, under the circumstances which now exist.

Of you, who so stickle for precision, I must ask to repeat your objection more precisely.

I repeat then, that *immateriality* is a term of mere negation. In the use of such expressions, NOT TO BE puts on a mask, which personates TO BE. When you say (or intimate) that mind "is immaterial," your IS (blended with its appendant IM) comes to signify IS NOT. You do not affirm: you but deny; and in negativing one form and mode of existence, affect to predicate another. This produces an illusion.

Whatever is not material, I assume to be immaterial.

That is to say, whatever is not material, you assume not to be material:—a sufficiently cautious, and perfectly warrantable assumption; but which, in its expression, becomes somewhat identical and tautologic.

Word nods at word; each premise has a brother;
And half the sentence just reflects the other.*

Any thing to please you. I will new-model my interrogatory;—and ask you, not is Mind immaterial? but is Mind not-material?

My answer is, that I cannot tell. But I can tell this; that we are still dealing with negations; and seem not to have advanced an inch towards that affirmative cover, which I had expected that in our sporting ramble we might beat.—*Qu' est ce que vous faites là?* says one of the characters in a *comédie-vaudeville*,† to another who is stationary upon the round of a ladder, and peeping curiously into obscurity, like you and me. *Je me promene*, is his reply. Hitherto, there seems as little locomotion in our *promenade*, as there was in his.

Again your wishes must be complied with.—Is Mind material?

* The passage from Pope, which I mean to parody, (I quote from memory,) is this:

"Grove nods at grove; each alley has a brother;
And half the platform just reflects the other."

† Le Philtre Champenois.

Whatever my conjectures may be, I cannot tell.

You cannot tell! Assuredly not *Scrub* himself was less satisfactory than you.* But why, pray, cannot you tell whether Mind be material?

Because I do not know what matter is.

Nay be not so modestly distrustful of the extent of your information. Might you not venture to pronounce, that the pocket-handkerchief, which you hold in your hand, is matter?

Yes; it certainly belongs to the multitudinous class which we call material. But if you asked me to define *matter*, and that I told you it was a pocket-handkerchief, I doubt your being satisfied

* I have not the Beaux Stratagem, to refer to; but I have a recollection, vague and imperfect, (as too many of my recollections are,) that the celebrated *Scrub*, having taken office as an envoy-spy, returns to his employers, full of the importance of the station which he had been filling; and thus, or somewhat thus, discloses with all due solemnity, the result of his three inquiries:

"To this she answered, she had never heard."—"In reply, she said she could not tell."—"Her answer was, that she knew nothing at all about the matter."

It cannot be denied that Scrub's reports were *immaterial*,

with such a definition. The metaphysical dignity with which you invest what Othello sometimes called a "napkin," (exalting it, as you do, into a sort of representative of material creation,) reminds me, by the by, of what I once witnessed in Paris, at the Sourds et Muets. *The Abbè Sicard*, showing us how he taught metaphysics and abstract ideas to his pupils, presented a handkerchief to the sight of one, as he stood before him on the platform. The pupil nodded, and immediately wrote down *mouchoir* upon the gigantic slate (shall I call it?) which was placed behind them. The master then deployed the napkin; exhibiting and marking the squareness of its form; and the sagacious Sourd et Muet immediately tacked *carrè* to *mouchoir*, on the Brobdignagian slate. Sicard then crumpled up the handkerchief; upon which *carrè* was effaced. He again displayed the parallelogram, and *carrè* reappeared upon the slate. Lastly, (and here I suspected there was *ruse*,) leaving the quadrangularity unimpaired, he withdrew the handkerchief which possessed it, from before his pupil's sight. I am sure you anticipate what ensued. *Mouchoir* was, (with a *souvire fin*

et fier,) at once expunged; and *carrè* remained in all its mysterious abstractedness, on the slate. Then followed French admiration and applause; whether natural, or artificial, extempore or prepared, it is not my business to pronounce. Having endured this with a meek and modest air, *Sicard*, at its conclusion, addressed us thus: "*Ainsi, Messieurs, nous commençons par un mouchoir; et nous finissons par Dieu!*"

But it is time I should have done with Sicard's handkerchief; and return with you to my own. With what view have you cited this last-mentioned bit of matter?

You can see your handkerchief.

Yes; and smell it too; for it was lately washed in a turf-district; and, I presume, dried at a turf fire.

But have you ever seen your mind?

Never; nor the air by which I am surrounded; but which whispers its material presence, in the summer breeze by which it cools, and indicates its fluid character, by the summer fragrance which it wafts; or which utters a more loud and fearful warning of its nature, in the thunder-crash which travels to my ear on its concussions;

or the tempest in which I founder, or before which my vessel drives.--Yet this atmosphere, which I cannot see, is not only matter, but a compound of various matters; of oxygen and nitrogen, as it were dissolved in caloric; and probably of many more ingredients, which my slender chemical knowledge could not enumerate or rehearse. The glass receiver of an air-pump, transparent though it be, does not enable me to distinguish whether it be full or quite exhausted; whether its contents be a collection of various ingredients, all material; or its non-contents (I do not use the words in their parliamentary signification) approach as near to immateriality, as any thing, or any nothing, which the ingenuity of philosophic experiment could produce or unproduce. Yet I more than doubt, whether the suctions of the pneumatic engine, suck it never so wisely, and spiritual though it etymologically be, could generate a thinking being, or give existence to a single thought. So little necessary affinity is there between vacuum and mind; between the absence of matter, and the presence of intellectual power. Ask the fly or mouse, too, immured in the exhausted receiver, whether

immateriality be a source of life, or death. And what becomes of the poor slain mouse's immaterial mentality? (for a portion of mentality is conceded* to the little beast.) Does it become mingled (and can immaterial thus intermix?) with that immateriality which the glass confines? that *caput*, not *mortuum*, but *vivum*, which cogent suction has produced? But let me not be mistaken. Soul may be all immaterial, though all that is immaterial be not soul; just as my pocket-handkerchief may all be matter, though to assert that all matter was my pocket-handkerchief, would, in logical phraseology, be a *very simple* conversion indeed. I see at least as little affinity between materiality and soul, as between immateriality and soul. I think mind quite as little a-kin to the rock up which I clamber, as to the invisible non-contents of an exhausted receiver. The essence of soul may be far more distant from these unaerial and but *quasi* immaterialities last-mentioned, than the magnetic power (a material one) is from the rust which it attracts, or from the clod on which we tread; but between these latter two materi-

* By Lord Brougham, and Mr. Wallace.

alities also, (and one of which is quite invisible) the interval is, if not immeasurable, at least immense. Of light, flame, the electric fluid, those quintessences of matter, which almost seem to make approaches to the qualities of mind, resembling those which zoophytes make to the superiorities of animal life,—of those refinements of material quality and substance, I may have something to say, or something to repeat, of what (by myself or others) has been said already. But I feel that I am less accompanying your rambles, than indulging in my own. I will therefore, for the present, no longer interrupt your questions, than while I say, that though, for argument and convenience, I have, in this long speech, been treating material and immaterial as subjects equally intelligible, and perfectly distinct, yet I repeat my confession, that I do not know what matter is; nor consequently where or how it ends; (it began, I know, by creation;) and that still less, if possible, do I discern, what is immateriality; or where it begins. Matter, as it soars from earth, may, as the sky-lark

"melts into air and liquid light,"*

* Gray.

become dissolved in the pure immaterialities of heaven. I am not denying the high existence of what is immaterial; I am but humbly disclaiming my conception of it. I am but acknowledging the limited extent of my intellectual powers; which cannot entertain the notion, though they may admit the being, of a substance which I cannot see, hear, taste, smell, feel,* or understand. I am but apologizing for the weakness, which cannot imagine or pourtray as a *positive* existence, what even language (the heaven-taught symbol of ideas) can only attempt to designate by a *negation*.† And now proceed with your catechism once again.

Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?

O yes! thanks be to God! I do.

And why do you so believe?

Because for this immortality I have the unerring word of Revelation.

Take care, lest, in denying the immateriality of the soul, you do not shake the foundations of your belief in its immortality.

In the first place I do not deny the immateri-

* What indeed are sight, hearing, smell, or taste, but admirably wonderful modifications and refinements of the touch?

† Viz. *immateriality*, *immaterial*.

ality of the soul. I but recommend that when we are discussing momentous subjects, we should not put ourselves off with words which but affect to be genuine representations of our thoughts; that we should repudiate, as a deceitful counterfeit, every term, which is not the true and faithful copy of an original and archetype idea. But secondly, what can shake foundations, which are laid in the word of God? A faith built on "the rock of ages," need never tremble for its foundations.

Nay, prithee, recollect that we are engaged in philosophical inquiries. What can Revelation have to do with these?

Much; every thing; where the subject is the soul of man. Avaunt the philosophy, which from a participation in such inquiries, would shut out Revelation! You invited me to share a ramble, which you undertook should be a safe one; not to assist in building, in order to inhabit, a house upon the sand; of which by reason of its infirm foundations, great, and speedy, and ruinous must be the fall.

O! I have a great respect for Revelation. But it is conversant about mysteries and won-

ders; and what "passeth all understanding." Philosophy deals with human evidence, and its results.

Accordingly I would not thrust Revelation into a discussion upon railways or on steam; nor even introduce it into geology, unless for the purpose of suggesting, how miraculously, and almost unexpectedly, the advances of this science authenticate the Mosaic history of the creation. But where immortality is our theme, shall we reject every source of information that is not profane? Towards assisting our spiritual inquiries, shall we turn our backs on inspiration? and in order to demonstrate eternal vitality, shall we close the book of life? No: let philosophy keep aloof from such inquiries, or take Scripture for its guide. Let it mineralogize, statisticize, and botanize its fill, without drawing on other sources than human knowledge can supply. But when its investigations ascend to spirit, let it take Christianity to its heart; and hold the Bible in its hand. "Philosophy," you say, "deals with human evidence and its results." So does he, who builds his spiritual opinions upon Revelation. He satisfies his

reason, "by human evidence," of the truth and divinity of the Christian scheme; and then, under the guidance and injunction of *the same reason*, he believes and acts upon the truths which that system has revealed. Is there any thing unphilosophical in this? *Væ Philosophiæ!** if there be. For what we assume (for mere argument) to be unphilosophic, would be neither impious nor unwise; and with *true* philosophy, piety and wisdom

bene conveniunt, et in unâ sede morantur.

Some of the truths of Revelation far transcend the powers of human reason, to comprehend them. But not only has reason tested and proved the truth of that revelation, in which those mysteries and marvels are certified and contained; but the same reason suggests to man, the limited extent of its own comprehension. The same meek reason teaches, that in and *out of* revelation, there is much that it cannot doubt, yet which it is impossible that it should understand: much that is as certain and manifest, as it is inexplicable; and above all, that if there

* Self-entitled, but spurious and counterfeit.

were no part of Revelation incomprehensible, there could (considering what are its subjects) no part of it be true. Thus the rational faculty teaches a wise and reflecting man, that there are instances, in which he will be the more warranted to believe, *because* he cannot comprehend. Of course the instances which I am adverting to, are those, where what we cannot understand does not so properly conflict with our reason, as lie beyond it.

We neither doubt, nor disparage the power of vision, by admitting, that, so long as we are in Dublin, what passes in China is not within our view. Does not reason itself inform us, that it ought not to dispute the existence of what it cannot see or grasp, merely because it is placed beyond its mental vision, and intellectual reach? It is, in those cases, *rationally* content with finding such existence vouched, in a quarter, the unerring veracity of which it has previously scrutinized and ascertained.

Assuredly you must have forgotten that you are not in the pulpit, or Divinity-Professor's chair.

If so, I am not ashamed of the forgetfulness.

I wish my memory was never guilty of a worse desertion; and only lament, that I have not been a better preacher, in so inestimably good a cause.—But, independently of Revelation, why do you pronounce, that those whose mental retina cannot receive the image of a substance strictly immaterial, do, by confessing this inability, imperil their belief, or the belief of others, in the immortality of the soul?

Because all matter is destructible, and consequently mortal.

Negatur necessitas consequentiæ; as I used to say, when disputing in the schools for my degree. The will of God (to which His power must be commensurate, or He would not be The Almighty,) I take to be the fulcrum, on which alone all existence must be supported and upheld. On this δος που στω, which Archimedes wanted, I take up my solid and my safe position; and raise the immortal hope, that

"I shall never die."*

Be the intrinsic nature of a substance ever so destructible, as long as the Deity wills it to be,

* Cato.

it must exist; and if He eternally so will,—it must eternally endure. God said, let there be light; and there *was* light.—As long as God says,* let light continue,—will its brilliancy expire? and in the meantime, does it endure otherwise than by the efficacy of the Maker's will? Is the Divine Power less competent to preserve its creatures, than it had been to create them? Was it the inherent and self-productive qualities of light,—or was it the energy of Almighty will, that originally brought the radiant creature forth? and bade this

"Offspring of Heaven, first born,"†

to illuminate and vivify creation? To hold the first—would be to make the vain and blasphemous attempt, of deposing our Maker from his creative throne; and in holding the second, we virtually admit, that the will which brought light into glorious existence, is what maintains it there. *Ex uno disce omnia.* The seemingly meanest of God's works shares with the most resplendent, His *preserving* care; and owes to this preservation, its continuance of being. The

* i. e. wills. † Milton so calls Light.

sparrow—nay the blossom—does not fall to the ground, without His watchful knowledge, and paternal will. The conservant process seems a continuation of the creative act. It gives it an enduring permanence. It forms, as it were, a linked series of creative concatenation.—Nor is the converse of the above propositions less indisputably true. Let the essential nature of a substance appear ever so *indestructible*, it cannot for a moment outlast the will of Heaven, that it should cease to be. Discourse not then to me, of the essence of any substance, (material or not,) as the source and cause of its endurance for evermore. Its inherent qualities, as far as we can detect them, may furnish room for rational conjecture, that the substance was intended by its Maker, for short, protracted, or eternal duration. But to a mind imbued with religious truth, these qualities (even if we estimate them rightly) can prove no more. But the issues of life and death, of existence or non-existence, must remain for ever in the uncontrollable will of God. Have not the Scriptures warned us, not—comparatively—to fear man, who can but destroy the body,—but

to fear that Almighty Power, which can also destroy the soul? What then becomes of that essential indestructibility of soul, which its immaterial substance is boasted of as involving? Its immortality must rest solely on the word and will of God.

But, let the destructibility of matter demonstrate what it may, do you deny that it is destructible?

At least I am disposed to ask of you the grounds, on which you pronounce it, in all its forms, to be of so essentially a perishable nature? To inquire upon what ground, you so utterly discard the Pythagorean allegation, that

omnia mutantur: nihil interit?

While I was yet conversant with the little science that I ever knew, the infinite divisibility of matter—I conceived to be an axiom. Now if the natural philosopher, with reference to this susceptibility of division, addresses this proclamation to the material world,

*Huic ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono,**

* Virgil. By *huic* I mean this property of everlasting divisibility; but I suspect, that (at the expense of prosody) I have substituted it for *hic*; and encumbered my *matter* with a false *quantity*,

I find it difficult to conceive that a substance is *destructible*, to which an *indestructible* susceptibility is assigned. What will become of the appendage, when that to which it was appended is destroyed? What will have become of the everlasting power of dividing, and liability to division, when the subject for this eternal separation is no more?—The loin of veal, on which, upon the eve of his execution, poor Lord Lovat dined, did not perish, (as he was doomed, in the popular sense, to do,) by being minced for his breakfast, on the fatal day.*

Oh! come now! you are quizzing.

No: I am only endeavouring, while arguing, to amuse.† There is of course little resemblance between Socrates and me; (though I shall not be taken by surprise, if we resemble in our ends;) I have not a tithe of his wisdom;

* I have read the anecdote, in the Gentleman's Magazine, or in a folio called the History of London, which I have. The anecdote was this; that on the day before his execution, Lord Lovat, having dined on a loin of veal, ordered what he left to be minced for his breakfast the next morning. I do not much like the execution of this old man; but those of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino I detest.

† Myself or my Reader—Quære? I believe both.

(I ask pardon for having used this party term, *tithe*; on many grounds I ought to substitute a hundredth part;) and I doubt whether, even at my present age, I am half as ugly as he was in his youth. * But I suspect that I have a tinge of his ironical propensities; and I feel (thank God!) my irony to be good-natured, as his was. To get into irony, too, one need not step out of demonstration. Any, who recollect Lord Plunket at the bar, will remember how he advanced the one, while he played and trifled with the other. All his jest was argument; and no portion of his eloquence was declamation. He showed, that reasoning and pleasantry *conjurant amice.* —He would not praise *me.* I believe he is far from being a friend of mine. But what of that? To do justice is my principle; and in some degree my trade. But, in the mean time, am I imitating Lord Plunket? Am I not, on the contrary, while I digress and trifle,

* I am not as old as he was, when he died.

† Another false quantity! O! *Alma Mater*, if you recollected me, how you would blush!—The line and a half run thus:

——————————alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res; et *conjurat* amicè.

suffering my argument to lag behind me?—— To resume it. It may be said, that matter shall indeed be divisible, as long as it exists; but that division cannot survive *materiam dividendam.* But what then becomes of *infinite?** In a spirit of self-contradiction, it shrinks and degenerates into *finite.* That which it had negatived, *(finiteness)* it unexpectedly comes to mean;—and (to be sure we are in Ireland,) we behold *infinite* have *an end.* One is reminded, with a slight variation, of Cato's words:

> *This,*† in a moment, brings me to *an end;*
> Though *that* ‡ inform'd me, *I should never die.*

I learned in former days, that a particle of matter, however minute, might be divided into two, still more minute; that each of these, and each of their heirs and successors for ever, would *seriatim* admit of a similar division; and multiplication be thus the result of every effort to destroy. In those days each particle was successively divisible into two. Now each one,

* The *infinite* divisibility of matter was the axiom.

† *This,* the doctrine that infinite means finite.

‡ *That,* viz. that infinite was boundless; and could not mean finite, which is in its nature bounded.

on the contrary, seems resolvable into nothing; and the Divisor's, like Othello's occupation's gone.—There is another sort of division, which Chemistry effects. That, for example, which separates water into the hydrogen and oxygen that composed it. This merely simplifies and decompounds; it in no degree destroys.—Expose diamond to a sufficient strength of heat, and it will disappear. But is the diamond therefore gone? By no means. It has not even undergone separation: it is but compounded. It is no longer fit to form an item in a necklace, or an earring; but there it is, in full; though not in *statu quo*. United with oxygen and caloric, it has dilated into carbonic acid gas; which if Chemistry but teach us the art of decomposing, we may recover our carbon as pure,* and (if crystallized) as brilliant as it was before; while the oxygen and caloric, though jilted, are not the less material, or *in rerum naturâ* still. Here again we have the *mutantur, nihil interit*, of the Pythagorean school.

* Diamond is pure carbon; crystal of carbon.

Where are the corporeal and extinct remains of Julius Cæsar? Of course I cannot tell. But I suppose them to be somewhere; and probably they are in many places, and under various forms. Hamlet has told us where a part of what had once been Cæsar, or Alexander, might be found; and that "'twere not to consider too curiously, to consider so."—If the fancy of the Dane be in any degree allowed, and to a certain extent I think it may, and that *some*-where or some-*wheres*, the debris of "imperial Cæsar" must be lurking even yet, (though to "prate of their" precise "whereabout,"* would indeed be quite too much,) this theory will not go far to prove that *matter* is as essentially and inevitably perishable in its nature, as it is variable and multifarious in its sometimes short-lived combinations.

I strongly suspect that you are a materialist.

Your suspicions are quite unfounded. My wisdom in so far resembles that of the son of Sophroniscus, that I am aware how little is

* Macbeth.

the sum of all I know; and the same salutary consciousness of ignorance which forbids my swearing implicit allegiance to *Immaterialism*, equally guards me against a belief in its coarse rival. Besides, the operations of *mind* so little resemble those of the *matter* which surrounds me, that this very dissimilitude would dissuade from the latter belief. There may be, nay there must be, a substance, if not many substances, different from those which our senses enable us to perceive; and to which we have given the common name of *matter*. Of these imperceptibles, (as they may be called,) by denominating them *immaterial*, we merely deny, that (be they what they may) they are part of that substance, with which we are acquainted;* or at least that they form any of that portion of it, over which our knowledge and experience extend.—One of these *unknown* substances, Mind may be. I say unknown; because the powers, qualities, and operations of the mind,† though intimately connected with its nature, are not *itself*.—But it appears to me, that God has

* viz. Matter. † Which powers, &c we *do* know.

willed an union,—an in this life indissolubly close one,—between the invisible substance which we call *mind*, and the grosser ορατον and σωματοειδες,* which surrounds us: which we denominate *matter;* and of which we read so much in *Phœdo.* It seems as if the two—superior and inferior—substances were only not compounded, blended, and intermixed. In this melange, however, Mind does not lose its striking and manifest ascendant. The organized body in which it dwells, nay the exterior matter, which the visible and tangible world has supplied, are instruments for its use. But with this instrumentality it can in few—if any—instances, dispense; through body must issue—may I not say every manifestation of its superior self? It cannot choose what organ it will use. It cannot see with its nostrils, or imbibe fragrance with its eyes. By certain mental and mysterious movements, it opens a silent and direct communication with its God:—yet even to these we are forced to give the *material* title of aspirations; and its worship and devo-

* Visible and corporeal.

tion oftener find their way to heaven, wafted on the wings of words, which the organs of speech have formed. O let us not disparage, or think meanly of that corporeal frame, whose sanctified organs prepare and offer the sacrifice of praise and prayer;—whose lungs breathe forth the sighings of a contrite heart;*—whose material but pure lymph supplies those pious tears, which at once float our penitence, and (through divine atonement) wash away our crimes! O let soul elevate the body, not body sink the soul! God has not himself disdained to be called a spirit. That He is one, we learn from the lips of unerring truth: Πνεῦμα ὁ Θεός.† That great creative Being, who by breathing into the nostrils of our first parent the breath of life,‡ caused man to become a living soul; enduing him with that transcendent and spiritual vitality, of which sin afterwards deprived our race; but which our great Atoner, by self-sacrifice, has restored.

You seem to speak from the heart; but you

* Ἐν πνεύματι δεῖ προσκυνεῖν. John, iv. 24.

† God is a Spirit. Ibid.

‡ Πνευμα. Genesis, ii. 7.

too much exalt the body; and so far favour the cause of materialism.

Too much! Do I too much exalt that body which is to rise again at the last day?* Do you not believe in the resurrection of the body?†

Nay, I do, to be sure.

And the life everlasting?‡

I am bound to do so; it is an article in the same creed.

And do I indeed too much exalt that body, which at the last day is not only to be raised, but raised, by its Creator, to eternal life? Had not Adam a body, material, and formed from the dust of the earth, when the Almighty breathing into his nostrils the breath of very life, made him, by that holy inspiration,—a living soul?— And this vital compound of soul and material body, would it have ever died, if "disobedience" had not

"brought death into the world, and all our woe?"‖

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise; body as well as soul; *matter* as well as

* John xi. 23, 24, 25, 26. † Apostle's creed. ‡ Ibid.
‖ Milton.

mind; and the resurrection of the just shall be to interminable life. And is matter then so despicable and corrupt—so doomed by its very nature to perish in utter and unavoidable destruction? And does he who even disputes the *immateriality* of mind, (which *I* do not deny; but merely doubt whether in my ignorance, I ought peremptorily to affirm;) does such a one sap his belief in the *immortality* of the soul? Or can we say he does, without ceasing to hold that article of Christian faith, which announces that *material* bodies will partake of everlasting life?

Socrates might well insist upon the immateriality of mind. He found all *matter* obnoxious to corruption, decay, and dissolution. No divine instruction had suggested, that these qualities were attached to degenerate and degraded matter; that nature had fallen with man; and that *its* degeneracy, and as it were blight, was a withering consequence of *his* sin. No Revelation had informed him, that matter, purged of its impurities, might live for evermore. He flew to immateriality as his only refuge. Yet a perusal of the Phædo, and others of his (or rather Plato's) works, will show that what he denomi-

nated immaterial, would more properly be entitled matter, refined and subtilized; and that much of what he appended to his idea of a surviving soul, could only appertain to a material subject.

You puzzle, and overwhelm me.

I do not desire to do either. My wish is to persuade you.

Of what?

That you might be too dogmatic an Immaterialist. That, on this subject, ceasing to be a rigorous Stoic, you should relax into a sort of pliant Academic,* like myself. On the subject of immortality, be as inflexible a conservative as you will. It is on that of immateriality, that I would recommend an infusion of the liberal. Have done with useless groping, along

"passages that lead to nothing.†"

* Neque inter nos, et eos qui se scire arbitrantur, quidquam interest, nisi quod illi non *dubitant* quin ea *vera* sint, quæ defendant: nos *probabilia* multa habemus: quæ sequi facile, *affirmare vix* possumus. CICERO, ACAD, LUCUL. iii. 8.

The following passage, from TACITUS, may be also more or less to my purpose. *Vix quidquam firmare ausim; adeo diversa apud auctores reperiuntur.*

† Gray.

Quit at once those paths of perplexity, "in endless mazes lost,"* which entangle, bewilder, and may fatally mislead; which produce little fruit that is not forbidden; and which too commonly abound—not with roses without a thorn; but with thorns without a rose.

I am indeed 'perplexed in the extreme;'† but only the more willing to follow your advice. Yes, with the exception of those wholesome points which Religion has revealed, and which, however exalted, Contemplation may visit with advantage,—with these exceptions, abandoning those 'high places,' where certainty is thought to dwell,—whither the pride of man is ambitious of ascending, but where the atmosphere is too thin for human intellect to breathe,—descending from those lofty but precipitate regions and pretensions, and building my tabernacle amongst those probabilities, which more safely stretch along the mountain-foot, I will, from this lowly station, look up with humble hope, yet confidently gladdening faith; and

* Milton. † Shakspeare.

meekly and cheerfully communing with my heart, will

"Wait the great teacher, Time; and God adore."*

Mysterious Time,—of whose slowness we are impatient; yet of whose rapidity we complain. Time,—from whose school-portico, as austere as that of Zeno, the obscure and awful egress to Eternity is Death.

You make me rejoice that I have accompanied, and even led your ramble. It does indeed appear to have turned out a safe one.

I tremble to propose a question, which yet I long to ask. Whether you suppose the Divine nature and substance to be immaterial.

You are right to tremble. But how can you question thus profanely, you who, assuredly, do not mean to be profane? I who can scarcely tell of earth, shall I discourse of heavenly things?† Shall he who fails to detect the secrets of the sublunary world, presume to penetrate those which surround the living throne? That

* Pope.—But I find I have misquoted. The line is,

"*Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.*"

† John, iii. 12.

which even to angelic vision, is "dark with excessive bright,"* how shall my dust-formed eye once look upon? How shall I, but in his mighty works, and His eternal Son, even in the slightest glimpse, behold that heavenly and almighty Father, the incomprehensible Αορατος, whom no man can see, and live? The "still small voice" may benignly whisper love and comfort to the human heart; but what mortal shall tell the sanctuary from whence this voice proceeds? In the existence of God, I firmly, and as it were inevitably—believe. I feel almost as conscious of it, as of my own. I feel that in Him I live, and move, and have my derivative, finite, and imperfect being. I behold Him in his beneficent and wondrous works. I see Him, through the Gospel, in that "true light,"† which came into the world to enlighten spiritual man; and of which that which had illuminated creation‡ was but an antecedent and material type. I behold Him in his attributes, of infinite goodness, unbounded wisdom, omniscience, omnipresence, illimitable power. But

* Milton. † John, i. 9. ‡ Genesis, i. 3.

who shall tell—nay who shall dare even to surmise—His substance? Where even the attributes are so incomprehensible, who can comprehend their source? His substance? None can ever know it, but Himself. Material? Immaterial? Away with vain and idle words! What he has created—The Creator cannot be. His substance (may my dazzled intellect presume to breathe it?) seems Life, Infinitude, Perfection, Causation, Multiplicity in Unity,* like Himself. We have his own Divine authority for saying that He is Existence. *He is, that He is.*

> Past, future, present, blend for Him alone:
> He IS th' eternal HATH BEEN, still TO COME.†

To Him a day is as countless years—innumerable years are as a single day. Without exclusion of the past or future, his divine existence would seem to be an ETERNAL NOW.—What a number of sentences it has taken me, to avow that of the mysteries of the Divine nature I know absolutely nothing! Yet may those sentences be not altogether thrown away. While

* Yet may not this be a mere enumeration of attributes, or properties, after all? † Anonymous Versifier.

they acknowledge and demonstrate an ignorance which I would not dissemble, I trust, that with deep prostration of the heart, they pour forth a worship-tribute of ineffable veneration.

The subject is certainly overwhelming; and I should regret having introduced it, but that effusions of piety are no ill accompaniment to such examinations as we have engaged in. They go to prove that our inquiries have done no harm: that they have not interfered with our faith or our devotion.—But our minds are on the stretch. How may we best relax them? To what lower topic, and as it were resting-place, shall we descend?

When your former question drew me off, I had thought of shortly treating with you, the subject of the soul's existence, after its separation (by death) from its corporeal comrade.

You believe then in this unembodied existence of the human Mind.

I do; and for this—with me always sufficient—reason, that I conceive myself to have scriptural authority for so doing. The case of Lazarus, it is true, appears, at the least, to afford little calculated to throw light upon this ques-

tion. To the parable of the rich man and another Lazarus, *because* it is a parable, I do not refer. The benign promise, made by our Redeemer, to the believing malefactor who was suspended by his side, is however an authority for the soul's separate existence, on which I may rely; and, by the way, for the *post mortem* existence of the pardoning Saviour, as well as of the repentant thief. But lastly, it seems manifest that the soul of this blessed Saviour had intelligent existence, in the mysterious interval, between the laying down his life, and the taking it again* by resurrection;—during which interval his body was inanimate, and in the grave;—for God's Holy One was to see death, though not to see corruption. The Divinity of Christ not having prevented his being *perfect man*, I therefore cite his spiritual and intellectual existence, during the time that intervened between his expiring on the cross, and again reanimating his lifeless frame,—I say I cite it as an authority to prove that the human soul may have a conscious and intelligent existence, in the interval between its separation

* John, x. 17, 18.

from the body, and their reunion, at the general resurrection. In this intermediate existence I confidently believe; but the subject being an obscure one, I will not unnecessarily push the discussion of it farther.

Pardon me, if I observe, that you seemed, a little time ago, to dwell on the indispensable need which Mind appeared to have, of the instrumentality of corporeal organs, towards performing its intellectual operations, and giving manifestations of itself. You seemed to me to say,

> "that body was but spirit's shell;
> And feature—soul made visible."*

Was I mistaken? Did I misunderstand you?

You did not misunderstand me; and you perhaps touch upon one of the difficulties of this obscure part of the subject. But recollect, that it was only during mundane life, that I represented mind as thus seeming to require the aid of body, and to be unable to work without it. I spoke of the modes, by which alone it was permitted to one embodied spirit, to hold communication with other equally embodied spirits.

* Anonymous Versifier.

When the soul has shuffled off its mortal coil, the very separation from body may have removed obstacles to its intercourse with other intelligences, which were the consequence of its strict union, now dissolved, with corporeal organization. Its *post mortem* intercourse, too, will be with spirits disembodied, like itself.—Besides, if it be the behest of God, as it appears to be, that souls should have a conscious, a moral, and intellectual existence, when separate from that organised matter with which they had been in conjunction, can we doubt, that for those means which organization had supplied, the will, and power of God will, if requisite, have substituted others, abundantly adequate to the end which Divine Wisdom had proposed?—What these means are, or whether any be required, of course we cannot tell, until it be our turn to visit the "undiscovered country;" and as in general it is one,

> ——————— from whose bourn
> No traveller returns,

we can furnish no information to those whom we shall have left behind.—But I somehow long to get back to

> 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day;'

and tangible solidities of this too tempting world.

I have a strong suspicion that you are a hater of metaphysics.

On the contrary, I doubt whether I have not a curious, weak, and prying disposition to such inquiries. I remember how proud I was, now many a year ago, of discovering (and applying the ευρηκα,) that though there might be four sides to a square, four corners to a room, four seasons, four horses, four philosophers, or four fools, there was but one four, (is this at once a false concord, and a bull?) a solitary, unmatched quaternion, in this wide world. That to this small lump of compounded unities, this little numerical standard or criterion, the seasons, horses, &c., being referred, might imbibe from it, respectively, the quality of *fourship;* (as, from being placed in contact with the loadstone, a steel bar catches the magnetic power;)—that the four philosophers and four fools, if they agreed in nothing else, might however find themselves coincide in this, that the same αριθμος took measure of, and fitted both; (and *quæ eidem* QUARTO *conveniunt*, annon ea *conve-*

niunt et inter se ?) but that, all this time, our abstract *quatuor* (quære if in *single* blessedness?) remained *uniquely quaternique.*—But much of this abstract propensity has been abstracted from me; and I ask permission to return to our organized and concrete world.

You have my leave to do so.

I do not mean to abuse it, by making this second visit to organized life a long one. I persevere in thinking that the human body has, though secondarily and instrumentally, a great deal to say to the operations of the human mind. I feel, not that my brain thinks, but that something within me thinks, with the agency and assistance of my brain. It even seems as if this latter, from its contact and intercourse with mind, became imbued with a something of mentality itself; and presented a sort of middle term between mind and body; tinged and tinging, like the contiguous and mingling colours of a rainbow. Is this materialism? I cannot tell; for I know not what immateriality is; but merely what it *is not.* Neither do I much care whether there be materialism in my notions, or be not; for I am sure there is no infidelity;

and this is the error from which I would shrink with most alarm. In *doubting* the power of God, if such should be his will, by creating a material mind, to confer on matter the faculty of thought, there is more impiety and irreligion, than in *admitting* that His omnipotence might rouse to intellectual activity the inertness of mere matter. The less calculated matter may seem for such exertion,—the more difficult it may be to conceive mentality attached to matter—the more such union must illustrate the—after all unquestionable—omnipotence of God. In denouncing the impossibility of reconciling immortal being with materiality of soul, there may be something bordering on the impiety of virtually denying that the body can possibly arise, and participate with the soul in the enjoyment of eternal life. There is a semblance of presumptuous impiety, in deriving, as a necessary consequence of its being immaterial, the immortality of the soul; and not regarding this immortality as an effect of the will and ordinance of God. The profane position would seem to amount to this,—that if God create an immaterial mind, it will be im-

mortal by virtue of its essence, independently of (and as it were in opposition to) his will; and that if he create a material mind, and a (of course material) body, their gross essence will preclude his bestowing eternal life on either. I collect from so much as I have yet read of Mr. Wallace's observations, that Lord Brougham dwells upon our consciousness and self-observation, in proof of the existence, nature, and mode of operation of the mind. Resorting to the same criteria, I never feel as if, in volition, the Mind said to the legs, as a captain might say to his company, "march!" and that thereupon the legs obeyed; or that it whispered to the hands, "shave me," or "help me to another cutlet," and that the hands unhesitatingly did as they were desired; or that lungs, larynx, tongue, teeth and palate, were equally complying, when desired to read aloud. I thought (notwithstanding the occurrence which Menenius Agrippa once recorded) that the organico-mental seemed a mixed, *modice confusa* constitution. That in the walking, shaving, eating, and reading volitions, legs, hands, lungs, tongue, and co. all seemed to take a simul-

taneous part; the subordinates sharing in the issuing, as well as execution of the orders. I have repeatedly felt that my brain participated in the fatigue of thinking. Memory too has ever appeared to me as amongst the most corporeal of my mental faculties; one, in the exercise of which, body had no inconsiderable share.* I have felt as if I was making a bodily or brain search, for a forgotten name, or past event; I have felt a sort of corporeal consciousness, that there, in some "fleshly nook"† or corner, the stray name or occurrence was; that a diligent rummage would be successful; and so it has sometimes turned out to be.‡ All this time sovereign Mind seemed to be indolently seated, in whatever part of me is its throne-room; directing me to search body, for the idea that was mislaid:

——————————— *alterius sic*
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicé.

In connexion with the phenomena of Memory, may I here be permitted, in the way of short

* Accordingly, is it not the faculty which is first impaired by age? † Milton. ‡ Mnemonicks—how, but through the body, do they assist the mind?

digression, to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel, which has occasionally presented itself to me; and in voucher of the existence of which, I have the experience of others, in addition to my own. I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness upon the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one, which, in the very place, and very words, with the same persons, and the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed, we know not when before. It is the oddest of sensations; and one which will occur, where, in what is going forward, there is nothing remarkable, or of particular interest, involved. While we speak, our former words seem ringing in our ears; and the sentences which we form, to be faint echos of a conversation, had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other, that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed; the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the gleam of a momentary

flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror, the dark reflection of times past; and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some preexistent state.* Let not any thing which, before entering on my last digression, I may have said, relative to the somewhat corporeal tricks of memory and its cerebral stores—be called materialism, in any ill sense of the word; nor let my declaration be forgotten, that I do not even profess to know what matter is; or at least what or where are the *certi fines* which hem it in. I am far from disputing that the mental substance is

* It seems to me, as if the Author of Waverley had noticed this extraordinary pseudo-sensation, in some one of his productions. As to the unproved, and in so far fanciful, notion of a preexistent state, I will not cite the supposed recognition, by Pythagoras, of the shield which he had borne, *Trojani tempore belli*, when he was *Euphorbus*. I leave this allegation where I found it, amongst Ovid's entertaining fables. *(Met. Lib. XV.)* Perhaps I might also leave unnoticed the following passage in Cicero's tract DE SENECTUTE. "*Magno esse argumento, homines scire pleraque antè quàm nati sint, quòd jam pueri, quum artes difficiles discant, ita celeriter res innumerabiles arripiant, ut eas non tum primùm accipere videantur, sed reminisci et recordari.*" When he adds, "*Hæc Platonis ferè*," he is correct. The doctrine is met with in the Phædo.

a *sui generis*, and peculiar one; widely and strikingly different from the mindless matter with which we are surrounded; and which even forms a portion of ourselves. For I would not deny, though my legs and arms at present constitute a part of me, that, after amputation, they would be *cut off* from all participation in the functions of a thinking being; while *I* should continue to be what I am, viz. *myself*. I merely would contend, that, to know what mind *does, and suffers, and produces*, (for this we *do* know,) is not necessarily to know what it *is;* although to this latter knowledge the former may help to lead. The fragrance which issues from a substance that I have never seen or touched, will not suffice to inform me what that substance is. Let us say of Mind, that it is a substance, unlike—and superior to—any sublunary one, with which we are acquainted; but let us not pay it the ill compliment of describing it as a negation; by insisting that immateriality is its essence. The too rigid immaterialist, who not content with the probability that satisfied the Academic School, dogmatically insists on peremptory and intolerant *affirmation*, seems to me to turn his mental back

rather ungratefully, upon matter. Materials for his vituperation of it, he is obliged to borrow from itself. Meantime we shall find him assigning to his immaterialities, extension, locality, and bulk. He will tell us of *great* minds and *solid* understandings; of the *extent* of Newton's intellect; of *lofty* and of *low* ideas; of the *gravity* and *levity* of thoughts; the *bluntness* or *acuteness* of mental *feelings* and perceptions; the *quantity* of genius that *abode in* Shakspeare, and the *elevation* to which it *soared*, in him,

> Who rode sublime
> Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy.*

If I were a Frenchman, I might expostulate on behalf of *matter*, by saying, *il y a des matieres, et des matieres;* and might protest against confounding the higher *grades* and orders of the material corps, with its mere *canaille*, or even with its *Tiers Etat.* Then what, on behalf of matter, shall we say of language? the miraculous clothing of still more miraculous thought? The aerial *body*, which gives egress to emanations of the soul, rendering them as it were,

* Gray of Milton.

palpable to the material ear? And when fixed on paper, sensible for ages to the human eye, and, through that eye, conveyed, for its improvement, to the human mind? So impossible is it to consider language, which clearly is *material*, as of contrivance merely human, that the wise and learned all concur in holding it to have been a *direct* gift* from the Creator; and which is enjoyed by the children of Adam, as a sort of hereditary inspiration. But whatever may be the substance of the soul, its preeminence over the residue of human substance is quite plain. If it be matter, it seems quite impalpable, and (consequently) with palpable matter in no degree congenial. The soul-possessing and soul-guided man, too, illustrates a confusion (may I call it?) of visible, with invisible, not undeserving of observation. For example: have I ever seen the friend, who is daily in my presence? whose features are as familiar to my sight, as they are dear to my heart? Of whose neighbourhood I may be quite unconscious, if a

* And, observe, an at once material and thought-communicating gift.

thin partition be between us, and if he keep silence? Assuredly I have never seen him. *He* is not that corporeal mass, in which not a particle of what I first embraced perhaps remains. He is, identically, the friend whom I have so long loved; and whose *identity* subsists in what cannot possibly be seen. Let this divine particle escape—and where is my friend? I know not: but *where* IT is, there is he. Yet what I saw, is still before me. The hand I touched is there. Of all that was the object of my senses—nothing is wanting but that voice, whose sounds yet tingle on my ear. The creature of that breath, most allied to (and the material emblem of) the spirit which is departed. I ask not whether reason and reflection will convince us, but do we not feel—that the friend we are attached to, is invisible? I have seen the inanimate remains of a father. I felt that they were not *him;* and the feeling was the result, not of thought, but intuition. Is this intelligible? Is this untrue? If not, are the boundaries of *visible* and *invisible* distinct? I am not blind: my friend is daily before my eyes; and I have never seen him! Our communications

have all been from the grates of my prison, through the walls of his. Myself too—I have never seen. The idioms (if it be not inaccurate so to call them) of every language, record the perceptions of human instinct; and such expressions as MY head, MY hand, MY voice, &c. &c. proclaim that these are not ME, but MINE: that they are *my* property; not *me:* the mere means and ministers of that, by which (through God's creative will) *I am.* *Whence* this something is—I am instructed by Holy Writ. *What* it is, (except that it is ME and SPIRITUAL) I know not. But I trust that He, who made me "a living soul," will by grace and mercy purify and receive me, (through the means provided by redemption,) to eternal life; and that the brain and hand, which even now, while they mould and trace my thoughts, are performing their incessant and mouldering journey to the dust, will then, by the same Divine efficacy, put on incorruptible and immortal. The Deity is invisible: no man can see God, and live. The human soul, too, is amongst the ἀοράτα,* on which Socrates so fondly dwells: no

* Invisibles.

man, in this life, can have a glimpse of his own, or of his neighbour's soul. We see God in his intellectual works; in his fair creations. We see (may I not "express it unblamed?"*) the soul of Man in the same way. For, while at an immeasurable distance from all that is Divine, the soul too has its intellectual operations; and its diminutive and imitative creations. Why do I thus venture—on what God forbid that I should dare to term collations!—and which, but for Genesis,† it would be presumptuous to hint at, even as resemblances, faint, shadowy, and remote? Because such similitudes may be what explain—how "in the image of God created He man." He seems to have done so, by "breathing into his nostrils the breath of life:" in consequence of which, "man became a *living soul.*"‡

And now to return from my second digression, —for I have been guilty of a second, on the

* Milton. † Genesis i. 7.

‡ Gen. ii. 7. Where נְשָׁמָה is translated *breath*, and also *soul*. In Luke ix. 55, our Saviour says to his disciples, οὐκ οἴδατε οἵου ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΟΣ ἐστε ὑμεῖς: which is translated, "ye know not what manner of *spirit* ye are of." I take πνευμα and נְשָׁמָה to have the same meaning.

subject of that, which, while it is supposed to be visible, is really unseen;*—(what indeed is our ramble, but a complicated series of digressions?) returning, I say, from the latest, let me proceed to state, that neither do I conceive the soul to be *a harmony.* I should not have so supposed, even though Socrates had not refuted this theory, in *the Phædo;* and quizzed, with such argumentative and playful wit, his friends Simmias and Cebes, or I forget which of them, upon the subject. Nevertheless, and quite consistently with this refutation, I may say, that as often as Maria accompanies her voice, the piano-forte becomes a supplemental or supernumerary member of the organic corps: a sort of *Attaché.* You are delighted with the harmony. So am I. But we should have no instrumental harmony, if it were not for the piano-forte; nor even with it, and with the voice to boot, should we have any, if it were not for the mind, which, with its appurtenants, of educated knowledge, taste, and skill, can so extract it from the lungs and strings, as to make them, in the words of Hamlet, "discourse most eloquent music." Do you doubt

* Viz.—our human friend.

this? You would not, if you had seen our *Selima* mewingly take her demure walk across the disconcerted keys; and had heard the discordant results of her *promenade.*—But do you know I am a little tired?

Do you know I am not surprised at it; for so am I.

Then it is time that I should have done; and with less ceremony than discretion, like Macbeth's company, "go at once."

No: do not go yet.

What more do you desire to say, or to hear from me?

I, for my part, have nothing more to say. You have made a mere listener of me, for some time. I seem to myself like the "old shoe," of which *Launce* formed one of his *dramatis personæ*, when he was exhibiting the misconduct of his "cruel-hearted cur." But if I have nothing to tell, I have something (though this be *ultra crepidam*) to ask.—Do chemical discoveries, and the nature and qualities of light and flame, furnish anything connected with what we have been treating; and if so, could you briefly touch upon what they thus supply?

Perhaps, afterwards, you would discourse a little of those animals which want the *os sublime;* and over whom our race enjoys a dominion, which I am not sure that we do not abuse.*

And what, concerning these *prona animalia cætera,* would you hear?

For example, whether they have mentality; whether *their* minds are material; whether these survive their bodies; (or should I say the *rest* of their bodies?) or dissipate and disperse themselves "into thin air," or something equally or more thin; or sweepingly, "how otherwise?" (as the interrogatories of a Court of Equity conclude.) These brief topics I would accept of, as your *finale,* and then gladly let you off; in the mean time, undertaking not to yawn, until you had done.

Has it been already said, or is the sorry wit my own, that a yawn is *hiatus valde deflendus* by the lecturer or narrator? Accessible ears are what he covets; and is not desirous that any *mouth* should be open, but his own.—Chemical detections, light, flame, the terrene† souls of

* Gen. i. 28. † Cum *spectent* animalia cætera *terram.*—Ovid.

brutes: perhaps I can satisfy you; if, neglecting the councils of Polonius, I may "a borrower be." Will it make a difference, and of what kind, if the "lender" be myself?* Let this be as it may, I will at once proceed. But observe, *summa sequar fastigia rerum*: nothing more.

You delight me by the prospect of brevity which this promise opens.

Assuredly, chemical science and its discoveries have ennobled *matter*. Especially, perhaps, those discoveries, which have been made within the last fifty years. The gross material world—Chemistry may be said to have subtilely spiritualized. Between the quintessences of chemical production, and the "miry clay," there is an incalculably greater difference, than between the fricassee of the most consummate French *cuisine*, and the pair of gloves which formed its crude and unpromising material. Can we longer describe *matter* as a substance perceptible by our senses, when the chemist presents us with what is invisible, intangible, inaudible, tasteless, inodorous,—and

* Where I borrow from another, I will escape plagiarism, by acknowledging the debt.

introduces it as matter?—Do we question its materiality? He makes it, or a portion of it, visible and tangible again: renders it audible by an explosion, which is followed by an odour, and a deposit of sapid particles upon the tongue. Chemistry seems bent on countenancing my suggestions, that it is not too easy to distinguish between immaterial and material. It appears to be studiously intent on rendering their mingled boundaries obscure and indistinct. It volatilizes solidity into "airy nothing;" or consolidating this latter, replaces it within our grasp, and gives it "a local habitation and a name."

Hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus, eia!

But to chemistry, and indeed all science,—as to instinct, (or animal reason,*)—there are limits, which they may not pass. The elephant who avenged himself on the cobbler, by deluging him with dirty water,—deliberately, and of malice prepense, collected for the purpose, in his trunk,—could not have composed a lampoon on his affronter. The chemist would

* As contrasted with *human* reason.

vainly burn his fingers, in an attempted analysis of *flame;* and the subtilty of *light* would equally elude all endeavours to analyse it: *comprensa, manus effugeret.** For I believe it is now held, that the prismatic colours are no decomposition of this fluid;† but, if not a combination of its substance with the surface which it touches,—and from which it is, either partially,‡ or in an altered state, reflected,—are the consequence of certain agitations and vibrations, occasioned by the medium through which it is obliged to pass; and affecting, not the light itself, but our perceptions of it.—And now, having briefly disposed of chemical discoveries, I come to the second topic which you have assigned me.—What shall we say of Flame? Surely not that it is not marvellous; or that we understand it! What is its essence? Its effluence, we know, is Light: the almost

* *Comprensa, manus effugit.*—VIRG.—scil.—*Umbra Creusæ.*

† To unravel and separate the rays of light, is not to decompose the complicated radiance. To disentangle a skein of silk, is not to decompose it, or the congregated threads of which it is formed.

‡ i. e. a portion, or part only, of the whole homogeneous *quantity*, is reflected.

spiritual speed of which* is only outstript, if it be outstript, by Thought.† If flame be the source of light, the prism tells us that it must be also that of colour; and give the flower its lovely tints, while it supplies the beam by which we view them.‡ Withdrawing from the flower-knot, go "pore upon the brook." Observe the *living* stream, that runs warbling and sparkling on. It is all sprightly activity, and animated motion. But take away its caloric;‖ and dreary silence and cheerless torpor at once ensue. The lively chimer is no more. Ψύχεται καὶ πήγνυται. It has died the watery death; and nothing now remains of it, but chill and stiffened ice.

Indeed the primary and constant property of this keen element,§—its warmth,—is inseparably attendant on the vital principle; and

* "Speed almost spiritual" is by Milton attributed to Light. It moves at the inconceivable rate of two hundred thousand miles a second.

† "While panting Time toils after *both* in vain."—JOHNSON.

‡ "Blushing in bright diversities of day:" as Pope has beautifully, and I believe not unphilosophically, expressed it.

‖ Flame I take to be free caloric, or free caloric and light.

§ Fire.

intimately connected with it. The living scene has been aptly described as the "*warm* precincts of the cheerful *day*;" for take away but heat and light, and what is there but universal death, in the cold and darkness that remain behind? Spite of what the appellations *spiritus* and *anima** might imply, it would seem that as zoophytes connect the vegetable with the animal creation, so the pure and subtile quintessence of flame† may form the link between material and what we call immaterial worlds. Allied to this idea,—which, perhaps, deserves to be called fanciful,—is the nature (as conjectured) of the nervous fluid;‡ the more than velocity, with which sensation shoots from the extremities to the brain; the effects produced by electricity upon the living nerve; and by galvanism, where the *vital spark* has been but

*Ανεμος. Perhaps flame may be a modification of aereal substance. From Hebrews, ch. i. v. 7, one would not infer that *spirit* means any thing essentially different from *flame*.—Milton calls angels "Celestial Ardours;" and in fact *Seraphim* are *Ardours*; from the Hebrew *Zaraph* to burn.

† Which in a state of comparative grossness (qu: condensation?) becomes subject to our sense.

‡ Viz. electric.

recently *extinguished.** Unless I have forgotten the little chemistry that I ever knew, respiration is combustion; and when the animal has breathed, or burned, his last,

Sparisce poi, come ad un soffio il lume.†

No wonder that man's instinctive propensity to religious adoration‡ should have strayed, amongst the uninstructed, into the worshipping of fire. When *we* learn that "God maketh his angels spirits, and *his ministers a flame of fire;*"§ when we are told, of the two angels who stood by Mary, that they were arrayed "in *shining* garments;"‖ and of the one who rolled back the stone from the holy sepulchre, that "his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment

* I remember to have heard a lifeless turkey, on being galvanized, utter a distinctly audible sound. The thing came upon the *audience* so unexpectedly, that I could not say whether it was the peculiar cry of the animal; but probably it was; as this must depend partly on the structure of those vocal organs, which the galvanic fluid so strangely stimulated into action.

† Orlando Furioso.

‡ I suspect that there are spiritual, as well as corporeal instincts.

§ Hebr. c. i. v. 7. ‖ Luke xxiv. 4.

white as snow;"*—do we not hear something which we are prompt, and as it were prepared to believe? Is not this the way, in which we should have expected (we knew not why) that the ministers of heaven would appear?

Then our almost sacred Poet,

> " He, that rode sublime
> " Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
> " The secrets of the abyss to spy,"†

With what mysterious reverence does he treat of the bright *attribute* of flame!

> " Hail, *holy* light!
> " Of the eternal, co-eternal beam,
> " May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light;
> " And never but in unapproached light
> " Dwelt from eternity: dwelt then in thee;
> " Bright effluence of bright Essence increate."‡

Other bodies are clogged and cumbered with the property which we call *weight*: flame seems to discard and liberate itself from any.§ While

* Matt. xxviii. 3. † Gray, of Milton.

‡ And see, for the way in which life and light are joined, and taken reciprocally for each other, John i. 3, 4. viii. 12. 2 Tim. i. 10. Prov. vi. 23. Ps. xxxvi. 9. Rev. xxi. 23, 24. Philipp. ii. 15, 16.

§ *Free* Caloric.

other bodies sink, it is, on the contrary, found to rise. They gravitate, condense, and cling: it dilates, expands, and soars. It appears as if its centre of attraction lay in a direction opposite to that, to which matter generally tends; and other substances press to earth, while it aspires to heaven. Lift the animated and elastic body; and then try to raise the corpse. It is as heavy as it is cold. The *vis inertiæ* remains unqualified: the antagonist principle is gone.* How? or whither? It seems the most mystical and secret item in the material creation. While its rapidity escapes and mocks the tardy restraints of Time,† its expansibility seems equally impatient of those of Space.‡ But I

* Flame, or free caloric.

† Its attendant, Light, has traversed a million of miles in about five seconds. Well might Milton call this

"speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails."

Let the circle of persons who join to form a conductor of the electric spark be ever so numerous, it will take no time to go the round; if *time* have anything to say to succession, and to our perceptions. There will be no interval between the first and the last man's experience of the shock.

‡ Ignea convexi vis et sine pondere cœli
Emicuit; summâque locum sibi legit in arce.—Ovid.

have said enough, perhaps more than enough, upon this subject.

From Flame to Life, is perhaps no violent transition. What is Life? The gift of God: that, by which we will; and move and act in pursuance of volition. I am not answered. This tells me whence it comes; and some of what it can perform: but as to what it *is*, I am as much in the dark as I was before.

It is indeed the bounteous gift of God; and considering the nature and attributes of *the life of Man*, as contrasted with that of inferior animals, is perhaps that gift which most enables us to boast, that in the image of God were we created. But though it be because He lives, that we shall live also,* yet we rather increase than remove the difficulty, of conceiving what the vital principle in man can be, if we consider it as an effluence or emanation, from the true and perfect life of HIM, with whom the future and the past are but ingredients of the present: while that present is as measureless as the eternity which it fills.

* St. John, xiv. 19; and compare Gen. ii. 7.

Of magnetism (a sort of immaterial materiality) you have not called on me to treat; nor of lightning, unless in its generic character of flame. Of it therefore I will merely say, that perhaps there may be invisible electric fluid; that *it* may be what pervades the nerves; that it may differ little, if at all, from mere free caloric; and that lightning may be this caloric, or electric fluid,* combined with light. Though Milton (a truly pious writer) "hails" light, in its perfect purity, as "holy," and calls it "coeternal beam of the Eternal;" though he questions whether so divine a substance may be "expressed" by him, "unblamed;" and invokes what he denominates "Celestial Light," to "shine inward, and irradiate his mind;" though he asserts not only that God "dwells in," but that "God *is* Light;"—I yet merely use the authority of our great and scriptural poet, with a view to show that if he be right, *Matter* may sublimate into something very mysterious and

* Does the galvanic differ, substantially or generically, from the electric fluid? Are they more than varieties? Again, is magnetism unconnected with electricity?

very *sacred:* nay, that it may even be *immortal.* For, what are the words of Milton?

> ——————God is Light;
> And never but in unapproached light,
> Dwelt FROM ETERNITY:* dwelt then IN THEE;
> Bright effluence of bright Essence increate.

As to lightning, though endowed with a "speed almost spiritual;"† a speed

> To describe whose swiftness, number fails;

I do not infer, that the lightning-flash is *mind;* or the thunder-peal its voice; but merely, and still using Miltonic authority and language, I suggest that "omnipotence, to *corporeal substances* could add," what, in general, *matter,* or *corporeal substance,* might seem incapable of receiving. We learn too, from holy writ, that living spirit might (above the firmament) be in the wheels of a material throne.‡ So possible

* That which is dwelt in, from, and through eternity, must be immortal.

† Milton. In another passage he calls it "*incorporeal* speed.'

‡ Ezekiel, i. 21, 26. "The *living throne,* the sapphire *blaze.*"—GRAY.

may—nay must—that be with God, which is not only impossible to, but inconceivable by, Man. If dust, at the Divine bidding, elevated itself to man, why might not matter, so vivified, exalt itself to mind?* Connectedly with lightning, on which, as belonging to the flame department, I have rather hazardously touched, and with reference to theories to which I (conjecturally) lean, respecting certain anomalies which I wish to introduce,—may I be permitted to introduce them? The anomalies to which I allude, are meteoric stones; the rare and unaccountable effects of an almost utterly unknown cause. Are they a precipitate—a tremendous sediment—deposited in some chemical process, of which our atmosphere, or the regions beyond it, are at once the subject and the scene? Are they fragments exploded from some planetary body, we know not what? Or part of the wreck of one, which has somewhere gone to pieces in the depths of space? Or are they the

* One of the wondrous *possibles to God*, is, that for the purposes of redemption, Godhead, in its second person, should, as man, born of a woman, become our fellow creature.

condensation and solidifying (do I coin a word?) of matters which had heretofore been scattered and dissolved; but which fall together, when abandoned by the caloric that had held them in solution; and which is itself perhaps inspissated into a vast electric flash? We know nothing of all this.* All we can say about them is, that they are the irregular consequences of some law of Nature with which we are unacquainted; and that such operations, carried on upon a larger scale, might produce a havock, which volcano or earthquake could not rival.†

Meantime they have served to redeem Livy's credit; and to show that the *lapidibus pluisse* which is one of his standing prodigies,‡ was not only what *simplices ac religiosi homines* might have believed;‖ but what many, without disbelieving their senses, could not doubt. I do not

* But the last of the above theories is, conjecturally, *mine.*

† A mass of meteoric iron was found in Peru, the weight of which was fifteen tons.

‡ Liv. lib. i. c. 31. et passim.

‖ *Prodigia eo anno multa nunciata sunt; quæ quo magis credebant simplices ac religiosi homines, eo etiam plura nunciabantur.* Dec. 3. Lib. 4.

know whether the times in which we live be those of miracle; but they do appear to be those of refutation. Mermaids, thunderbolts, and showers of stones come forth, to turn against us the laugh, which our self-sufficiency so long levelled against them.* We now have reason to be persuaded that the Diana of Ephesus, and the Palladium, *really* fell—if not from heaven, yet from the sky.† They probably were, or were formed out of, meteoric stones. So the *Idœa Mater*, which was transported with such ceremony to Rome, from Pessinus in Phrygia, was a stone; perhaps a shapeless one. Attalus received the Roman ambassadors who came to fetch it, with much kindness; *sacrumque iis lapidem*, quam Matrem Deûm esse Incolæ dicebant, tradidit.‡

* Until 1802, the notion that solid masses of stone fell from the air, was stigmatised by philosophers, and indeed by all, as a mere vulgar error.

† The image of Diana, at Ephesus, was believed by the Ephesians to have fallen from heaven. So was the Palladium, or sacred statue of Minerva, preserved so carefully in Troy, and afterwards removed to Rome.

‡ Livy, book 29. ch. 11.—The Idœa Mater was Cybele.

To return to the lightning-flash-inspissation, if I have quitted it, which I did not altogether mean to do, I am satisfied it is mere *matter;* at least not *mind.* Even if I doubted whether it were not the latter, I should have *no mind* to make advances to it. I should fear that the lot of the daughter of Cadmus might be mine;* and that the high communication, which I sought, might be my death. My soul would not say to the ready flash, "expellas *furcâ:* licet."

I cannot, even in Ireland, venture to talk of ascending from levity; but I may speak of passing to the seriousness which becomes portions of my subject, from a boyish playfulness of disposition, by which I believe I am characterised; and which calumnies, disappointments, wrongs, and age have hitherto so failed to smother, that I doubt whether my first childhood may not, by and by, be met or overtaken by my second. Yet I feel that there is a *fond* of gravity at bottom of all this; and perhaps when seriousness is my object, I may therefore have not to soar

* ——— *Corpus mortale tumultus*
Non tulit æthereos.

OVID, MET. LIB. III.

but to descend. Leaving lightning, then, to its splendid, but alarming coruscations, I return to Light; which may dazzle, but will not consume. In treating of it, it is plain that Milton intends to contrast *spiritual* with *corporeal;* that *Mind*, by him, as by all others, is referred to the former class; and that he means to describe Light as a *material substance*; but of an intermedial or amphibious nature; clothed with qualities, approaching near to those, which the genus *spirit*, (to which, as a species, belongs *mind*,) has been used to claim as its peculiar *apanage*. He proclaims its speed as "incorporeal;" as baffling the powers of "Number;" as of a character almost "spiritual;" and itself, (when in its immaculate purity,) as the "eternal abode of God." Accordingly, were the Mind to ask itself, how the Divine presence, if vouchsafed, would be manifested, in his present fallen state, to Man, I am persuaded, that the answer would be—by the perception of a dazzling glory and effulgence. Whether this answer would be dictated by what might not unaptly be termed the spiritual instinct of human nature, I will not venture to pronounce. But, at least, it is one, which

a perusal of holy writ will fully justify and confirm.

To take things up at their awful and sublime beginning, we find that when the Creative Spirit brooded on the waters, God said, let there be Light; and there was Light. This effluence is recorded to have been one of the earliest events of that creation, to which we owe our existence, and all the blessings of this life; of which, incomparably the greatest is our prospect of a better. It was the glorious commencement of that bright and harmonious system, (since obscured, and grown discordant,) in which the unerring and beneficent Framer saw that all was good. This fair system it brought, if not into being, yet into view; and was destined to illuminate an innocent and paradisaic world, before darkness and the shadow of Death had yet prevailed, or the ground was cursed for the sake of sinful and disobedient man; until, by merits not his own, his purity should be retrieved.

Upon the banishment of our first parents from that "blissful seat,"* which, while they

* Milton.

enjoyed it, had been honoured by the presence of the Divine Being, (clothed, as it might seem, in that form, the image of which his yet undegraded creature bore,) we find access to the abode and vision, which had been thus forfeited by their guilt, barred by a miraculously *flaming* sword.

We are informed, in the sublime and inspired language of the Psalms, that God makes his angels spirits, and his ministers a *flaming* fire. Accordingly, we find the angel of the Lord appearing to Moses, out of the midst of a bush, in a flame of unconsuming *fire*.

From subsequent passages of the same chapter, it indeed appears, that, notwithstanding the expressions "angel of the Lord," this miraculous flame was, in fact, a manifestation of the Divine Presence; and (if I may trust my memory,) theologians suppose it to have been the Second Person of the Trinity,* which was, on this occasion, revealed to the great lawgiver

* In this there is not even apparent inconsistency. The Messiah, while on earth, continually described himself as *sent* by God; and might emphatically be styled *the* Angel of the Lord.

of the chosen people, and type of the Messiah. Certain it is, that there is a remarkable coincidence between the name by which, in Exodus, Jehovah is distinguished, ("I am that I am: thou shalt say to them, *I am* hath sent thee;") and the account delivered by our Saviour of himself, ("before Abraham was, *I am*;") as well as the description given of him by St. Paul, when he calls Christ "the Rock of ages: the same yesterday, today, and for ever." In like manner, when God brought his people out of Egypt, he went before them in a pillar of flame; and the sight of the glory of the Lord, when it abode upon mount Sinai, was like devouring fire, in the eyes of the children of Israel. Indeed, even the reflection of the Divine Presence appears to have produced a greater effulgence than the eye of man could bear. Accordingly, when Moses descended from his mysterious conference on the mountain, the skin of his face shone with such intolerable brightness, that while he delivered God's commandments to his chosen, he was obliged to wear a veil.

Again, the glory of the Lord, which dwelt

in the tabernacle of Moses, appeared as fire. When Elijah was translated, his *apparent* conveyance was a chariot and horses of fire, which bore him up, by a whirlwind, into heaven. And it may not be undeserving of observation, that when Elisha asked for a double portion of his Divine Spirit, it was answered, that if it were given him to behold those celestial glories, which would attend the ascension of his master, he might consider this as a token that it should be unto him as he wished.

Without enumerating other instances from the Old Testament, we find, that when at the birth of our Saviour, the shepherds were miraculously apprized of this greatest of events, the glory of the Lord *shone* round them, so that they were (we may suppose, from the preternatural and dazzling brightness) sore afraid. The abode of the Messiah upon earth was that actual dwelling of God's glory amongst men, of which the Shechinah, in the ark, had been but a type and promise. And how is our Saviour described? That true life (as contrasted with our imperfect life) which was in him, St. John calls the *light* of men; which shined in darkness,

and the *darkness* comprehended it not. *Christ* he styles the true light; of which he, John, was appointed to bear witness: adding that the Word dwelt amongst us; and we beheld his *glory*, &c. Our Saviour had been previously twice described by Isaiah, as "a light to the Gentiles;" and by Malachi, as "the Sun of Righteousness."

In like manner, *Zacharias*, when, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, he is felicitating the world on the birth of its Redeemer, speaks of this as an event "whereby the *Day-spring* from on high had visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and the shadow of death." *Simeon* too, in his prophetic song, hails our Saviour as a *Light*, for the illumination of the Gentiles; and the *glory* of God's people Israel. But we have the infallible assertion of Christ himself, that he was (or rather *is*) "the light of the world; and that he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness; but have the light of life."

These expressions, it may be said, (and with truth,) are figurative. But all that I am observing is, that there seems to be some myste-

rious connexion between the nature of *light*, and the manifestation of God's presence to his creatures. Else the Deity would not have uniformly chosen it as the type and evidence of his approach. He would not have denoted his abiding with the seed of Abraham, by a glorious effulgence resting on the mercy-seat; nor ages after, have revealed himself, in his Second Person, to St. Paul, by a splendour so dazzling, as to produce temporary blindness. The Apostle expressly states, that, when in answer to the voice which issued from amidst the brightness that thus shone round him, and which had struck him to the ground, he asked, "*Who art thou, Lord?*" it was replied, "*I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.*"

In a word, to adopt the language of the sublime and pious Milton, and advert to the theories of the profound and religious Locke, "*may I unblamed,*" consider this excessive splendor as a kind of *secondary quality*, by which on some extraordinary and rare occasions, the glory of the Divinity may be made dimly and imperfectly visible to us, who, (though our first parents did,

while innocent,) could not, in our present degraded state, "*see* GOD *and live.*"

Light, even in that impure state, in which it ordinarily exists for us, is the most penetrating and (if I may be allowed the expression) least corporeal of bodies. Its marvellous velocity resembles that of thought; and far exceeds our conception, though it be made subject to our calculation. For the fleetness which traverses two hundred thousand miles a second, we can scarcely more represent to ourselves as on its way between those extremes, than we can conceive the glances of the mind, to ideas the most remote, as journeys occupying time, and divisible into parts. So that within the sphere of its operations, light may be rather considered as omnipresent.

As it is the fleetest, it is also perhaps the simplest substance: baffling all attempts to analyze it; and though possessed of properties, not seeming to be encumbered with any parts.*

Light is indeed the substance which we appear least to understand; and seems to coincide more with our notions of spirit, than of body; for

* See page 62.

while it is gloriously visible to the eye, it completely eludes the grasp; and, as it were, vanishes from the touch.*

Thus, dimly as we can discern or judge of the operations of divine power, there is in all we have a glimpse of, a coherency that is striking: and for example, light, of all mundane appearances, seems that under which the presence of the Deity should be manifested to his creatures; so that, even à priori, it might be pronounced, that as he shows us all other existences *by*, he would reveal himself to us *in* this; and that the beatific vision must be an intense and glorious effluence of brightness.

To return from the fallacies of human theory, to the truths of sacred writ, many ancient and modern divines conceive, (and the conjecture is not precluded by any thing in Scripture,) that when the Holy Spirit descended on our Saviour, at his baptism, it did so in the form of a lambent

* When our Lord, after his death, appeared to his apostles, and these were terrified, supposing they had seen a spirit, he disproved their apprehensions, by saying, "*Handle* me, and see;" and, if in a passage already cited from the Psalms, we understand by *Angels* and *Ministers* the same thing, it seems to follow, that a spirit may be a flame of fire.

flame, which fell from heaven with a hovering dove-like motion; and perhaps in the shape of a dove: and Justin Martyr states, that all Jordan shone with the reflection of the light. When Christ was transfigured, his face, we are told, shone with a brightness like that of the sun; and his raiment became white and dazzling, as the light, or as lightning. It seems as if, on the next day, when he descended (like Moses, his earthly type and forerunner,) from the mountain, strong traces of this celestial brilliancy still remained on the recently glorified countenance of our Lord: a phenomenon which would explain the *great amazement* of the people, when they saw him; an astonishment, noticed in the Gospels; and for which it is not otherwise easy to account.

I might here farther and again observe, that when the angel of the Lord appeared at the sepulchre, "his countenance was like lightning; and his raiment shining, and white as snow;" and that the inspiration of the apostles, and miraculous gift of languages to them, was accompanied with an apparition of tongues, "like as of fire." Or I might remark, that the condem-

nation of the unrighteous is sometimes described in holy writ, as a casting of the offender into utter darkness. But I rather choose to come at once to what seems to mark that uniformity and consistence, which being the characteristic of truth, must attend the divine system in its most minute details; and even with reference to what is but figurative, and a type. Accordingly, as the sacred presence had ever been announced by a splendid and glorious brightness, and light had been as it were the cloak and emblem of Divinity, (the hem of his wondrous garment, of which sometimes his pining creatures were allowed to have a glimpse,) we find, that when, by the death of Christ, there was a withdrawing of GOD'S presence from infatuated Man, this eclipse of the divine and spiritual effulgence was accompanied by a representative dimming of the sun's light; and a darkness which overshadowed the deserted world.*

Having thus collected instances, in which the Divine Presence has been manifested by supernatural emanations of overwhelming brightness, and the sublime γενεσθω φως† been, as it were

* Luke, xxiii. 44, 45. † Longinus, "Let there be light"

repeated, for the beneficent purpose of illuminating the spiritual world,—I am not wholly without scruple, as to the propriety of admitting references to pagan story. Having resorted to the sacred records, for my proofs, I am somewhat reluctant to blemish those pure sources, by the contact, or even neighbourhood, of any thing profane. At the same time, I am aware that some illustrations might be drawn from heathen fable; which, in its mythological department, is little else than a wild and extravagant corruption of sacred truths. By God's permission, in consequence of our fall, the Divine irradiation has indeed been darkened by the enemy of man; and at once shattered and refracted, in its passage to the pagan world. But though by these means it ceased to be a steady light to enlighten the Gentiles, and made the Gospel illuminations necessary, to guide bewildered creatures to the path of life,—yet the particles, into which the holy traditionary beam has been broken amongst the Heathen, have not lost all their "original brightness." Incrusted and obscured, by sin, error, and deceit, they yet retain some lucid traces of their heavenly source; and, like him

whose malice scattered them, look majestic, though in ruins.

The perversion has indeed been gross; nor can depravation more abominable be well conceived, than that impious idolatry into which the world had fallen, when our Saviour appeared, to restore true worship upon earth. Indeed so lamentably profane and frivolous, at that bright æra, these pollutions were, as to be worse than the comparatively philosophic, though perniciously erroneous systems, adopted by the less credulous, because better informed Pagans of the day. Comprehending their own darkness, these latter rationally *doubted.* Thus Cicero, as an Academic, held, that although *The Probable* was within the scope of our discernment, *Certainty* was what, on earth, we never could attain: and, to soar from a great to a yet greater man, Socrates proved his wisdom, by distrusting it;—his knowledge by discovering that he knew nothing well;—and while he consistently proclaimed that Man wanted a Divine Instructor, predicted, in "something like prophetic strain," that he would have one.*

* Socrates died about four centuries before the birth of Christ.

But, to return to the vulgar idolatry of the Ancients. The eminent endowments of a truly inspired man were more than sufficient to qualify him for being received into the consistory of Pagan Gods. But his purity stood insurmountably in the way of his adoption; and it was necessary that his character should be dyed in sin, and his history profaned with the pomps and vanities of worldly grandeur, before he could be admitted to this degrading apotheosis. Thus it is, that we have reason for conjecturing Bacchus to be a monstrous and distorted image (seen through the Heathen medium) of one of the personages of Holy Writ: of Noah, according to the surmise of some inquirers; but perhaps more probably of "that shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed."*

Indeed, so despicable as well as impious were these Pagan deifications, that independently of the sacred motives which Scripture has assigned, we can see reason why Paul and Barnabas should have rent their clothes, when the people would have sacrificed to them, as Jupiter and Mercury, at Lystra. Accordingly, I never have included amongst the proofs which irrefragably

* Moses.

justify our faith, the desire of Tiberius to place our Saviour amongst those Gods which the empire recognised. But that an association so polluting was not permitted to occur, I *do* admit as evidence of the truth and undefilable purity of our religion.

It has been frequently observed, that the Jews are the most cogent witnesses in support of Christian revelation; not merely by the lasting miracle of their premenaced sufferings, dispersion, and disgrace; but by their authentication of those typical and prophetic writings, which incontestably prove our Lord to have possessed that divine character, which they refuse to recognise. Had they believed, there might be contrivance. But they as strenuously deny, as they unanswerably prove, him whom they crucified, to have been the genuine Messiah. Their testimony is more unimpeachable than mere impartiality would make it. They give it inadvertently; or they would withhold, or at least deliver it with reluctance.* In short, they prove our

* Their teachers feel, and most reluctantly admit, the tendency of some prophecies to justify our recognition of the Son of Mary as their object. Thus one Rabbin, alleging that the writings of the Prophets could all (easily) be satisfied,

religion, as they slew its founder, because "they know not what they do."

But however undeniable it is, that the Jews preserve and vouch the recorded title-deeds of our faith, and perhaps furnish the most unanswerable evidence of its truth, it may also be alleged, without fear of contradiction, that the pagan fables strongly illustrate the veracity of Holy Writ. We discern Eden, and the state of innocence, in the golden age;—and Noah's flood is scarcely better attested by the researches of the geologist, than by the numerous heathen traditions which point concurrently to this event. Here again, indeed, the *one* great fact is crumbled into fragments; and disguised into untruth. Polydiluvians, as they were Polytheists, the Pagans acknowledged almost as many deluges as gods. But the light, which their errors thus obscured, and multiplied into confusion, was that of Truth.

Having thus endeavoured to show that idolatry was a mere perversion of genuine worship, and

without applying them to *Jesus*, is obliged to qualify the allegation with *modo tacuisset Esaias*. Had Isaiah but been silent.

divine truth,—I would proceed to observe, that a notion seems to have prevailed amongst the Heathen, that the presence of a Deity was denoted by a blaze of light; and that the gods inhabited palaces of flame. In adverting to the apotheosis of two heroes of antiquity, Horace thus expresses himself,

> Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
> Innixus, *arces* attigit *igneas.*

When, quitting the disguise of a Tyrian huntress, his goddess mother is represented to have discovered herself to Æneas, the poet tells us that *refulsit:* which may be translated, *she became refulgent.*

I might add two more authorities,* but that they seem rather appropriate to the attributes and functions of the *God of day,* than descriptive of celestial natures aud appearances in general. The passages are as follow:

> ——————— venias, precamur,
> Nube *candentes humeros* amictus,
> Augur Apollo.

> Dixerat: at genitor *circum caput omne micantes*
> *Deposuit radios;* propiusque accedere jussit.

* From Horace and from Ovid,

But the examples which I am about to cite, are not liable to this objection.—When the Penates, whom he had rescued,* appeared to the pious Trojan, they are stated to have been *multo* MANIFESTI *lumine*: † which cannot be understood to mean that the moonbeams happened to fall upon their images at the moment: for though Æneas emphatically denies that he was asleep,‡ he yet seems to represent himself as having been in a sort of trance; and the appearance as a vision, preternaturally coming from the gods.

Multo manifesti lumine, Pitt translates "*divinely bright;*" and the commentators explain those words to mean "*cum nimbo suo; qui circa deos solet videri:*" with the halo, or glory, with

* Raptos ex hoste.—VIRG.

† Manifested with a great light.—ÆN. lib. iii.

‡ Nec *sopor* illud erat. Donatus' comment on these words is as follows: *non enim* pleno somno *viderat, aut audierat: nam nec plene vigilabat, nec plene dormiebat.*—Agreeably to this interpretation, Dryden translates them,

"Nor were they *dreams;* but *visions* of the night."

If in line 151, we consider *in somnis* as two words, (and such seems the most approved reading,)—this, collated with *nec sopor illud erat*, supports the notion of *réverie*.

which Deities are wont to be surrounded. The word *manifesti* is not without its weight in favour of my hypothesis: the meaning seems to be, that this was a *manifestation;* and that the surrounding brightness proved it to be a divine apparition of the Penates.

In the midst of that consternation which overwhelmed the dwelling of Anchises, when Ilium had fallen a prey to the stratagems of the Greeks,—the present favour of Jupiter is feigned to have been denoted by a lambent bright and *innoxious** flame, which played around the hair and temples of Iulus: and this was followed by a fiery meteor, which *de cœlo lapsa, multa cum luce cucurrit;*† and which at once satisfied the old man of the divine protection.

That Divinity whom the gentile fables have seated on the throne of heaven, and have described as incomparably the first and most powerful of their gods, is represented, by their

* Æn. ii. l. 684. Compare—(if the juxta-position be not irreverent,)—Exodus, iii. 2. "And, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

† Æneid, lib. ii. l. 693, 4.

mythology, as wielding the lightnings (and attendant thunders) of the heathen world.

> " Cœlo *tonantem* credidimus *Jovem*
> Regnare,"

are the words of Horace;—and again in the Ode beginning " *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens,*" (in which it is immaterial to my purpose, whether the author was or was not serious,) the cause assigned for his conversion is his having heard the thunder rolling in a cloudless sky.

> ———Namque Diespiter
> Igni corusco nubila dividens
> Plerumque, per purum tonantes
> Egit equos, volucremque currum."

We have, in Virgil, a description of this formidable sceptre: the symbol of supreme and absolute celestial power.

> " His informatum manibus, jam parte politâ,
> Fulmen erat; toto genitor quæ plurima cœlo
> Dejicit in terras: pars imperfecta manebat.
> Tres imbris torti radios, tres uubis aquosæ
> Addiderant: rutili tres ignis et alitis austri:
> Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque,
> Miscebant operi; flammisque sequacibus iras."
>
> ÆN. VIII.

These are the *luminous* and terrific bolts, which the same poet, in another place, represents the father of the gods as dealing round him.

" Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor: ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit." GEORG. I.

And to recur to Horace, he too has armed Jupiter with this awful and flaming instrument of wrath.—

" Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis* misit pater, et rubente
Dexterâ† sacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem;
Terruit gentes."

The golden brilliancy of those clouds, with which Jupiter and Juno were encompassed, on

* The commentator on the expressions *imbris torti*, (in the passage which I have extracted from the eighth book of the Æneid) interprets them to mean *hail*. His words are these: *Accipio de grandine; secutus Servium, et vim vocis. Imbris torti* Servius renders *constricti, et coacti in grandinem.*

† This part of the picture corresponds with the words *rutili tres ignis*, in Virgil's description of the unfinished thunderbolt. Pindar styles Jupiter φοινικοτριόπαν, *rubentem fulmine.*

Mount Ida,*—the manifestation of this God to Semele, with its effects,—the fable of Prometheus, (involving an assertion of the celestial origin of Flame,)—are amongst the innumerable instances, which might be given from profane writers, to prove how universally the notion has obtained, that light is the emanation and effluence of a Divine nature.

The practice and mode of sacrifice—prevailing throughout the world—also favour my hypothesis, of a supposed connexion between heaven and the element of fire.† To consume the victim in the flames—was to offer it to the Deity. And to turn from heathen abuses, even in the language of Holy Writ, such a sacrifice is described, to the Legislator of his chosen people, by the Deity himself, as "an offering made by fire, unto the Lord."‡

* ἰγω᾽ νίφος ἀμφικαλύψω
Χρύσιον.
And again,————ἰστὶ δὲ νιφὰς ἴσασιν
Καλὴν, Χρυσείην..————II. xiv.

† It may still be called an element: a simple substance. For Chemistry has not yet attained to the decomposition of fire; though it may have conjectured it to be a compound of free caloric and light.

‡ Exodus, xxix. 18.

Writers, Christian, though not inspired, seem also to admit this doctrine, of the celestial and divine nature and original of *Light.*

Thus *Gray* has said of *Milton*—

" The secrets of th' Abyss to spy,
He passed the *flaming* bounds of Place and Time.
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw, but *blasted with excess of light,*
Closed his eyes in endless night."*

Again, in *Spenser's* legend of Holiness, after the Knight of the Red Cross has been contemplating celestial visions, it is said that

——————— " *Dazed* were his eyne,
Through passing brightness, which did quite confound
His feeble sense; and too exceeding shine.
So dark are earthly things, compared to things divine."†

That connexion, indeed, which the last

* This perhaps is a conceit. But if so, it is of the very best description of concetti.

† Faery Queen, b. i. c. 10, st. 67.—" This Divine Light" (says Burnet) " overbears, and distinguishes itself from common light, though it be at mid-day. 'Twas about noon that the light shined from heaven, and surrounded St. Paul. (Acts xxii. 6.) Be it day or night, this Light, which flows from a more vital source, will always be predominant."—*Theory of the Earth.*

quotation adverts to and implies, is one in which, by a sort of instinct, we acquiesce; and for example, feel the Divine influences, when we are favoured with them, to be a spiritual illumination; an enlightening of our souls.* Agreeable to this notion is that pious, beautiful, and pathetic invocation, which occurs in the third book of Paradise Lost:

> "So much the rather thou, *celestial Light*,
> *Shine inward*, and the mind through all her powers,
> Irradiate: there plant eyes: all mist from thence
> Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight."

The same divine Poet, from whom I have just cited, calls angels "*celestial Ardours*;"† "*Sons*" and "*Progeny of Light.*"

I make no apology for adding the following extracts from the same work. They are authorities in favour of my hypothesis; and incom-

* "Ye brethren," (says St. Paul,) "are not in darkness: ye are all the children of Light; and the children of the day. We are not of the night," &c. 1st Thess. ch. 5, v. 4, 5. Our Saviour—who (as has already been remarked) calls himself emphatically, "*the* light of the world"—also describes the Baptist as "*a* burning and a shining light."—John, v. 35.

† In fact, *Ardours* are but *Seraphim*; from the Hebrew *Zaraph, to burn.*

parably better worth perusal, than any arguments or discussions which I could offer in their room.

"Thee, Father, first they sung, omnipotent,
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being;
Fountain of light, thyself invisible,
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst,
Throned inaccessible; *but when thou shad'st*
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven: that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."

BOOK III.

"Thee next they sang, of all creation first,*
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud,
Made visible, the Almighty Father *shines*;
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd *the effulgence of his glory abides*;
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests."

IBID.

* There is some peculiarity of expression here. The passage may perhaps be compared to that, in which Adam is called "the goodliest man of men since born."—That is to say, the poet of course does not mean to class THE SON amongst created beings.—*Newton's* note upon this line refers to Col. i. 15, and Rev. iii. 14. As *perfect man*, our Saviour might indeed be classed amongst created beings.

" The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless,* to his omnipotence,
That to *corporeal substances*† could add
Speed almost *spiritual.*"

BOOK VIII.

" ——————— The sedentary earth,
Serv'd by more noble than herself,‡ attains
Her end without least motion; and receives
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of *incorporeal speed*, her warmth and light:
Speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails."

IBID.

Having interposed, between Paganism and Holy Writ, these passages from works, of which, especially the last, cannot be deemed profane, I now venture to call my reader's attention to some texts of Scripture, where we seem to discover that original and sacred truth, from which those heathen fables to which I have adverted, at once deviated, and flowed.

"And it came to pass, on the third day, in

* i. e. the swiftness is numberless; or in other words, *incalculably great*;—as in a preceding line,

" Speed, to describe whose swiftness, number fails."

† As Light.

‡ Viz. the sun. Adam utters this, under the erroneous notion of the earth's being stationary.

the morning, that there were *thunders and lightnings*, and a thick cloud upon the mount; and mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it *in fire;* and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace."—Exod. ch. xix. v. 16, and 18.

"And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were *a paved work of a sapphire stone;* and as it were the body of heaven *in his clearness.* And Moses went up into the mount; and a cloud covered the mount. And *the glory* of the Lord abode upon mount Sinai; and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like *devouring fire* on the top of the mount, in the eyes of the children of Israel."—Exod. ch. xxiv. v. 10, 15, 16, and 17.

"And immediately I was *in the spirit*: and behold a throne was set in heaven; and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon *like a jasper and a sardine stone:* and there was *a rainbow* round about the throne; in sight like unto an emerald. And out of the throne proceeded *lightnings, and thunderings,* and

voices: and there were seven lamps of *fire, burning* before the throne; which are the seven *spirits of* God."—Rev. ch. iv. v. 2, 3, and 5.*

"And the temple of God was opened in heaven: and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament: and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and *great hail.*"—Rev. ch. xi. v. 19.

"And they shall see his face;" (i. e. the face of God;) "and there shall be *no night* there; and they need *no candle;* neither *light of the sun:* for the Lord God giveth them *light.*"—Rev. ch. xxii. v. 4 and 5.

I trust my motive will excuse this collation of profane fables with the sublime mysteries of inspiration, and awful truths of Holy Writ. To protect this latter from impure contact, I have drawn an entrenchment, or (if I may so express it) veil between; and besides, discover something like a sanction for what I have done, in that part of the sacred records, where St.

* See also the description given in *Daniel,* of the throne on which "the Ancient of days did sit," (ch. vii. v. 9.)——"His throne was like the fiery flame; and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him," &c.

Paul has deigned to incorporate with the momentous doctrines which he was preaching, à verse of Euripides, the tragic poet.

By this (our own*) apostle, we are informed, that "the Lord shall be *revealed* from heaven, with mighty angels, in *flaming fire*;† and shall *consume* the man of sin, with *the spirit of his mouth*; and destroy him with the *brightness* of his coming."‡ That this "devouring fire,"‖ in which, at the last day, "the Son of Man shall come," will be "*the glory* of his Father," we learn from the hallowed lips of Christ himself;§ and may conjecture will be such, as once abode upon mount Sinai; from which, if the Israelites had not been permitted and enjoined to keep aloof, they must have perished:¶ but which,

* Ep. to Romans, ch. xi. v. 13.

† Second Ep. to Thess. ch. i. v. 7, 8.—See also v. 9, where the Apostle adds, that the disobedient "shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from *the presence of the Lord*; and from the *glory* of his power."

‡ Or approach. Same Ep. ch. ii. 8.

‖ Exod. ch. xxiv. 17.

§ Matt. ch. xvi. v. 27.

¶ Exod. ch. xix. v. 21.

when all things are accomplished, the world cannot escape; because in those days, "the Lord will break forth upon them."*

Indeed, when the sacred statement, that the heavens and earth shall flee away before the face of the Lord,† is compared with the terrific declaration of God himself, that "there shall no man see him and live,"‡ does it not seem as if the end of all things would be but an illustration of this awful truth: and the world be consumed and perish, in the mere revelation of Divine Effulgence?

And now I am arrived at the last of those topics which you enjoined me to discuss.—The *animalia cætera*, of whom Ovid speaks, which,

* Exod. v. 24.

† This is the same catastrophe, which *St. Peter* has described as "the coming of *the day of* God; wherein the heavens being *on fire* shall be dissolved; and the elements shall melt with *fervent heat*; and the earth also, and the works that are therein be *burned up*."—2 Pet ch. iii. v. 10 and 12. *Nahum*, speaking prophetically, and (as it should seem, though perhaps inadvertently,) of this consummation of all things, says, "the hills *melt*, and the earth is *burnt* AT HIS PRESENCE: yea, the world, and all that dwell therein." Ch. i. 5.—See also *Habakkuk*, ch. iii. v. 4, 11. "And his brightness was as the light," &c.

‡ Exodus, ch. xxxiii. v. 20.

wanting the *os sublime*, are formed pronely *spectare terram*,*—have these mentality? are they endowed with reason? I think they are; and that the *mere* rational faculty in man differs chiefly in degree, from that power which we are fond of contrastedly terming *instinct*, in the ape, the dog, the elephant, the horse, the parrot, for examples. But, upon the intellectual scale, the interval between *human* and *their* reason is immense. Between them (to steal into another figure) the Divine will has placed a gulf, which inferior animals can never pass; any more than we—until we "jump the life to come"†—can overleap that which separates *us* from higher natures.‡ I will not talk of the ourang outang, whose approaches to reason are as manifest, as it is clear that those approaches have still left him at a mighty distance, which he never can diminish. I will leave the dogs of St. Bernard, not indeed to speak, but to act and testify for themselves; and I say nothing (lest you should

* Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit; cœlumque tueri.

† Shakspeare.

‡ If we be then destined to overleap it.

deny the authority of the Arabian Nights*) of those elephants who, having uprooted the tree in which, for treacherous and hostile purposes, Sinbad was concealed, brought him to a reservoir of tusks, by which a geologist might have been puzzled. Neither will I say a word of the taste for music, which spiders are said to have; or of that member of this weaver guild, who once cheered the solitude of a prisoner in the Bastile; and whom, with a benevolence that was somewhat equivocal, he regaled on ill-fated flies. But that my horse, or cherished poodle, or once favourite cockatoo, had not a limited and miniature reason of their own, is what I should find it very difficult to admit. Nay, they had (and the survivors have) a great deal of fun and pleasantry in their composition: enough to abrogate the definition of man, as a laughing animal, if it had not been already abandoned and laid aside. M——l,† while, with the bridle on his neck, he follows, at my request, from the stable

* Though this anecdote be not one of its preternatural marvels.

† My horse; as old and playful as I am myself. He is twenty-seven: I am *rather* more.

to the hall-door, keeps capering and curvetting, with head nodding, and ears back,—plucking branch-ends from the trees,—stooping (as if intent upon devouring them) at every dog or hen he meets upon the way. As I mount, he squeels and bounds, and the ears go back again. But this is merely fun. He is of a facetious character, this M——l; his other name is (as some spell it) *Neigh.* He stops at a road which I usually go down, as much as to say, "Are not we to turn to the right here?" "No, M——l, not to-day." He then proceeds, with a little half-acquiescing, half-expostulating prance, which says, as plainly as prance can say, "Well! what a whimsical, capricious man you are!" If he espy an ass at a distance, especially if it have the audacity to bray,

"his conscious ears his scorn declare:"*

down go they, and up, in concert, start his heels; as if he would annihilate the unfortunate donkey, if it were within his reach. But this is all pretence and sport. He is a *humane* horse, and

* Her conscious tail her joy declared.—GRAY.

would do no such thing. As for T——e,* she knows, without ever having been taught, (and accordingly we discovered this knowledge by mere accident, and with great surprise,) the name or title of every one of our circle, as well as we do ourselves; and if you say "go to the ——," or "to Mrs. A," or "to Miss B," she will do so without mistake. She knows the dinner bell; and if I loiter, barks out to me that it has rung. At night, she prepares for her departure, as soon as the bed-chamber candlesticks appear; and when, in the course of the day, she has bemired herself, leaves the room the moment she hears the sounds of "dirty T——e!" though you not only do not utter them emphatically, or look at her while you pronounce them, but studiously mingle the words with your general discourse and tone, with the view of eluding her observation. She recollects, (as most dogs do,) and this after long absence, her enemies and her friends; her favorites, and those to whom she is not partial; and, in her reception of them

* My dog,—of considerable wisdom, though of disparaging and insipient name. She is a quadruped of totally different temper and talent, from Launce's "cur."

marks, by a deportment the most unequivocal, the character of this recollection:—by a curl of the lip (to repel advances), or a wag of the tail (to allure them), discriminating between Admissibles and Detrimentals. When she wants water, proceeding to a certain quarter of the room, (not that there was ever a water-basin there,) she seats herself, and sets up a good-humoured sort of whine; the sound and the position meaning, between them, to communicate the fact of her being thirsty. If little Matilda pulls her tail, she turns with a sharp and sudden growl; then discovering her mistake, at once substitutes a caress, which means, "Oh! I beg pardon: I did not know it was a child." I feel that I have neither given a tithe of her rationalities, nor made a selection of instances the best calculated to vouch my panegyric.—I was once the friend and master of another dog, (his name was Juba,) who scorned, when he wished to leave a room, to ask (except as a *pis aller*) your assistance in opening the door. He begun (quite untaught) by attempting to open it himself. He frequently succeeded; but occasionally not only failed, but by touching the

wrong lock-handle, shot the bolt, and became a closer prisoner than he had been before. This sometimes happened when he was alone; and produced consequences that were half ludicrous, and half alarming. He used at one time to be in the habit of visiting (on errands of gallantry or gourmandise) a neighbour of our's, who lived at the distance of about a mile. On one of these excursions he got a beating,* which sent him home rather mauled. Ever afterwards he used to solicit a mastiff, who formed a part of our establishment, to escort him. I have often witnessed the wheedlings and coaxings which he resorted to for this purpose; and can declare that if he had stood upon two legs,† he could scarcely have fawned better. Accordingly, as importunate fawners generally are, he was successful.—The Rev. Mr. Y—— is the possessor of a remarkably sagacious Newfoundland dog. Every week-day, a young person calls at this gentleman's house to transact business, and on Sundays makes a visit of a different kind. On week-days the dog gives him, quietly and in

* From some quarrelsome or rival dog.

† As indeed, during these flatteries, he occasionally did.

passing, a sufficiently amicable and tail-wagging reception—*et voila tout.* But on Sundays, shortly before the usual hour of his arrival, our canine friend stations himself in the hall, with his nose pinned to the street door. His ear recognises the knock, or his nostrils tell him who is outside; and the moment the expected enters, he is bounced upon, and greeted with a most cordial and proportionably boisterous welcome. Why is this? Because, on every Sunday, his biped visitor indulges him with a long walk; an indulgence which is not extended over the week-days.—" During the late war, when the Leander frigate was stationed off Halifax, in Nova Scotia, there was an old Newfoundland dog on board. He had been attached to the ship many years, and several instances were recorded of his extraordinary sagacity and sense. The sailors, one and all, declared that he understood what was said; and the following circumstance would appear to prove it. He was a great favourite with the crew, and of course had been kindly treated. He was lying on the deck one day, when the captain, in passing by said, ' I shall be sorry to do it, but I must have

Neptune shot, as he is getting old and infirm.' Whether there was any thing in the tone of voice which frightened the dog, I leave my reader to judge ; but he immediately afterwards jumped overboard, and swam to a ship which was near the Leander. He was taken on board, and remained till he died. Nothing could ever induce him to return to the Leander. If the dog happened to be on shore, and any of her boats and crew came near the place where he was, he immediately made off, and nothing could make him approach his old acquaintances."*—Of Cockatoo I mean to say something, by and by.—To return to that serious course, from which a scampering impulse so often tempts me to digress. That substance which thinks (for unquestionably there is a something that *does* think,) in apes, elephants, and dogs, and horses, and cockatoos,—you ask me is it a material one ? How can I tell? who acknowledged, when setting out upon our ramble, that I ill and scarcely knew what *matter* was.—That thought-producing substance, what becomes of it and its ideas, when the dog is killed or dies?

* Literary Gazette, August 29, 1835.

As little can I tell. God only knows. That God, without whom not a sparrow falls, and who has disposed, and will dispose in this case, as he has done, and will do in every case, for the best. But if in dogs and horses, (and let me add ants and bees,) the intellectual substance be material, I would ask then, cannot *matter* think? Is it not able, in this department, *quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra?* And if the canine thinking substance be not matter, then what will those infer, who seem to maintain, that *mental immateriality* and *immortality* are nearly synonimes? That the terms are so far convertible, that a soul which is immaterial cannot perish, but must therefore, *i. e.* by mere force of its immateriality, be immortal?* In

* The following are the words of Addison: "I think a "person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and "spectres, *much more reasonable* than one who—contrary to "the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and "modern, and to the traditions of all nations,—thinks the ap-"pearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I "give myself up to this general *testimony of mankind*, I "should to the relations of particular persons who are now "living; and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of "fact."—*Spectator*, No. 110. I give the above extract, as prefatory to the question, whether the spirits, of which Addison

the mean time, I cannot think ill of the "untutored" head, and still less can I scorn the affectionate and generous heart, of "the poor Indian," who fondly and gladly thinks, that to that "humble heaven" at which his hopes aspire,—

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."*

speaks, are human, immaterial, visible souls? *Invisible materiality* I can, of course, conceive: but *visible immateriality* is less to be comprehended.—Did not Saul see, and recognise as that of Samuel, the spirit which the witch of Endor raised?—When, after his resurrection, our Lord appeared to his Disciples, they "supposed that they had seen a spirit." (Luke, xxiv. 37.) But, undeceiving them, he declared that he was not a spirit; but that what they saw was "himself;" and, in proof of this, desired them to "handle" him. (Luke, xxiv. 39.) From these passages it might be inferred, First, that a disembodied spirit, "not having flesh and bones," may present itself to, and be perceptible by, the embodied spirits of living men. Secondly, that it may be visible to them, and in so far share the qualities of—and resemble what we call matter. But, Thirdly, *par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno*, that it is intangible, and cannot be "handled."—There are material substances which cannot be handled. The word, occurring in verses 37 and 39, which our translation renders "spirit," is—in the original—πνευμα,—of which at least one of the meanings designates that material substance, *a breath*; but which, by the way, whether inhaled or exhaled, is as invisible as the atmosphere by which it is supplied.

* Pope.

Such notions, simple and childish as they may be, are less removed from piety and truth, than those of the eminently clever, the keenly polished, and elegantly informed, the spiteful, superficial, and arrogant infidel, Voltaire. Nay, those Indian doctrines would be scarcely more erroneous than his,* whose heterodoxy was (perhaps inadvertently) adorned and versified by Pope.† In fact, if the verity of revelation had not assured me that my spirit will survive,—if I had been instructed merely by my reason, as Socrates and the elder Cato were by theirs,‡—that *non omnis moriar*, at my seeming death, the same arguments,§ which dissuaded me from believing, that the sword which reached the human heart, would also slay the human mind, and instantaneously annihilate those intellectual powers, which a Newton had, the moment before, been astonishingly displaying; the same argu-

* Lord Bolingbroke's.

† In his Essay on Man.

‡ See certain of the Dialogues of Plato, and Cicero de Senectute. I am attributing all the conclusions of Socrates to his Reason, and none of them to his Dæmon.

§ Or some of them at least.

ments, I say, though in a far less forcible degree, would arrest and restrain my belief, that the humbler mind—but still the mind—of the thinking elephant, dog, or horse, was doomed utterly to perish; and this even before their bodies were quite dissolved, and no longer seen. But am I comparing man to the beasts of the field? Anything but that; if the supposed comparison mean a denial of an abyss between them, impassable and immense. The Creator would not have given to man that emphatic and unqualified dominion over the rest of the animal creation, if He had not made him incalculably their superior.* The mere extent of his rational powers may make him so. SPEECH, and LANGUAGE, (the not forbidden fruit of knowledge, which speech may be said to bear,) does not the very naming of the former marvellous faculty at once suggest the measureless transcendency of man? Whether we consider its inestimable and metaphysic adjunct and effect,† a miraculous inspira-

* Homer, I think, calls the human race μιξοφωτες ανθρωποι, articulately speaking men; as if this power formed an essential difference between them and inferior animals.

† Language.

tion, or a work of human reason.* The former hypothesis would show how highly our race was distinguished by its Maker: the latter, how far, in its inventions, that reason, which He had bestowed on us, could go. Even these pages, hastily as they have been produced, and low as they must rank amongst the productions of the human mind, might perhaps suffice to show our vast mental superiority over the most seemingly rational of our animal fellow creatures. But, after all, it is man's capacity for divine worship, and innate propensity to religious feeling—his privilege, *tueri cœlum*—his connexion with the Deity—his kindred with the humanity of our Redeemer—the mysterious and astonishing sacrifice, of which he was thought to be not un-

* The art (appurtenant to language) of alphabetical writing,—that art which does far more than

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,"[a]

has, by men of singular learning, been supposed an immediate communication from the Deity. The art itself being so simple and familiar, yet the means of discovering it so extremely difficult to imagine, while its utility is so beyond all estimation,—these considerations induced them to assign to it a miraculous commencement.—*Mitford's Greece, chap.* 11, *sect.* 3*d.*

[a] Pope.

worthy—his consequent bright prospects of eternal and celestial life—these relations, not his reason, are what place him

"On the isthmus of a middle state."*

These are what exalt him to something incomparably higher, than the mere towering head, and ruler of the animated world. God made and vivified every living thing. But how different is the description of *their* creation, from that of the human race! Into the nostrils of none but man, did he breathe the breath (or spirit) of life: of no created being, except man, is it recorded that it became a living soul. Is it by means of this breathed spirit, that we are transcendently unlike all upon the face of the earth that live? that we are not only the creatures, but the children of the Almighty?—*Vires deficiunt:* I am exhausted by the sublimity of my worse than most imperfectly treated theme. For your sake, and my own, it is time that I should have done.

You said you had something to tell me of a Cockatoo. Rest yourself upon that anecdote,

* Pope.

whatever it may be; and as soon as it has recruited you, have done.

Though vouched by no less authority than that of Mr. Locke, I am not about to advert to the well-known story of Prince Maurice's Brasilian parrot. Spite of his feathered garments, he appears to have been too much of the *animal bipes, implume*, for me to venture on incorporating with my theories, such a tale.* But, in supposing that it cannot ever, nor in any degree, link an idea with a word, I suspect that we underrate the powers of even an ordinary parrot. It certainly knows its name: which is in other words to say, that to a certain sound it attaches the idea of itself. In showing that it can thus connect *one* word with *one* idea, do we not prove that it can connect *another* sound with *another* idea? Is any rational ground of distinction between the cases to be found? Or can it, without absurdity,

* Yet it is taken from a writer of some celebrity; the author of memoirs of what passed in Christendom, from 1672, to 1679; and if the story is devoid of foundation, Prince Maurice, who took pains not to be deceived, must have been deceived; for there is not the least doubt, that he believed it. —*Bingley's Annual Biography.*

be maintained, that while he can annex an idea to a sound, if uttered by another, he cannot do so, if it be articulated by himself? Probably the parrot's powers of combination are inconsiderable and slow; nor are his ideas likely to be numerous or distinct; and proportioned to these defects will be his inability to make a long, idea-freighted, and coherent speech. But *est quodam prodire tenus; si non datur ultra.*—I was once acquainted with a cockatoo; who, without being a prodigy, was a very clever (as he certainly was a very amiable) creature of his kind. He never said '*good-by,*' when his friend was entering, nor '*how d'you do?*' when he was leaving the room; and when weary of your company, was not unlikely to hint his feeling, by a '*good by.*' He never said '*I can't get out,*' when he was at liberty; and seldom omitted to say it, when impatient of restraint. My feathered friend, I must confess, was *un peu Aristocrate;* and had learned to address the *Tiers Etat* with '*get out you ragged fellows.*' On one occasion he stole a march; and got into a scrape, as truants are apt to do. He had made his way to a field of ripe corn; and in the

intricacies of this (to him) strange labyrinth, was very soon bewildered;

And found no end, in endless mazes lost.

His situation resembled that, in which, in Brobdingnag, Gulliver had once been; but his course was different from that which Gulliver pursued. He began to shout—if not manfully, at least parrotfully,—'*I can't get out.*' Attracted and guided by the sounds, a labouring man came up, and proceeded to extricate Cockatoo. He was at first repulsed with the usual '*get out you ragged fellow!*'—but in the end his services were accepted or endured; and our hero reconducted to his friends. On his return, he was lavish of his salutations and self-caresses. It was nothing but '*how d'you do? How d'you do? Poor, pretty Cockatoo!*' In short, the poor bird seemed delighted with the meeting, and conscious that it followed on a somewhat perilous separation.—I forget was it *Catullus* who addressed a poem to a parrot. Be this as it may, without meaning to disparage the Psittacus of ancient times, I will venture to say, that my friend Cockatoo deserved such a compliment as well; and that

(bating the knowledge of Greek and Latin) he was in no way inferior to—for any thing we know—his forefather.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here end the rambles of poor Cockatoo, who long since winged his flight to that Elysian aviary, from which, alas!

No cockatoo returns.

Here too terminates my RAMBLE ONE. Whether it be followed by a RAMBLE ON, may depend partly on the public, and partly on myself. If *vel duo, vel nemo* of that public, read what I have already written, why should I be at the trouble of writing more, which would be sure to share the fate of the *chartæ ineptæ* that had gone before?

But suppose these pages to find readers, still I should have to apply to my Indolence for leave

of absence, before I could venture upon RAMBLES FARTHER; and that

soft, salutary power*

might be, perhaps, disposed to answer my application with an ill-omened yawn.

But the sheets which are now (I just recollect in time to say) *being printed*,† how can I expect a line of them to be read? Poor *Warner Christian Search* is not one of that swarm of visitor savans, which has been so lately illustrating our shores. At home too, in vain would you seek for him, amongst the Vice-Presidents of the Dublin Society, or Royal Irish Academy, or even amongst the sage council of this latter. Yet if he had any pretensions to literature, or to science—nay, if he were endowed with propensities, which *Edie Ochiltree* could quiz, he might smuggle himself up to *some* sort of elevation;

* Gray, I think, so entitles Indolence, or Ignorance.

† Oh! the pedantic and ungrammatical coxcombry of modern phraseology! If we find a verb with both an active and a neutral meaning, (and there are many such in English, French, and Greek,) we at once, to the impoverishment of our language, abolish the latter signification. Who would now dare to say, "while the King's speech was reading?" No; no: we must say, while it was "being read."—*The time*

and at least be perched, if not upon a round-tower, upon same rath or barrow, kaim or cairn. But no: you may find the Provost deservedly exalted; you may find, on a literary or scientific eminence, the Chief Baron, or Baron Foster; but if you set any value on your time, do not waste it, by vainly looking there for W. C. S.

Therefore, is it not as well, that Alpha should turn Omega* with a good grace—and *ramble the first* become also, in its wisdom, *stroll the last?*

But why, in the name of Scriblerus, did I write what this is postscript or epilogue to, at all? I am sure I cannot tell. Not for the purpose of attracting notice; for the obscurity which is my lot, is also luckily my choice. I am no *professor*, unless it be of *indifference*:—indifference to scientific, literary, or antiquarian fame: indeed (with my experience) disregard of any fame.

I have satisfied myself, that neither on the side

has been, when we might say of a man, that "he reads well;" and of his speech, that it "reads well."—By the by, until a speech is finished, is it *being read?* Is it more than on its way to *being read?*

* *O'Mega*, too, appears to be a Milesian character; and might have a chance of being promoted.

of intellect or morals, is reputation a *faithful mirror;* or one which can be safely trusted. It magnifies vain pretensions: it assists the toilet of the arrogant and self-sufficient coxcomb: * it flatters the whim of fashion: it encourages the "simular of virtue;" and recommends his hypocrisy to esteem: but seldom, if ever, does it truly, usefully, and honestly reflect desert.

NOTE A, REFERRING TO PAGES 44 AND 45.

May I tell of another of my early and notable *heurekas*,† of which I was very proud, and probably with very little reason? It was this: that the three angles of a triangle *must* be neither more nor less than equal to two right ones; and this in some degree on the principle, that a man must cut his coat according to his cloth. The materials, out of which we must form the three angles of a triangle, are two right ones. Draw a horizontal line, and let fall, upon each of its extreme points, a perpendicular one. At each junction you will have a right angle. These angles we will call A and B. Now suppose a hinge at each of these points: in short, suppose a jointed, fold-up rule; and proceed to form your triangle. You may do so, by merely bending the two perpendiculars together, until they meet. You have then your three acute angles; having borrowed part of each of your two right angles, to form a third; as a rib of Adam was lent, for the formation of his helpmeet. This is *case one*. But suppose

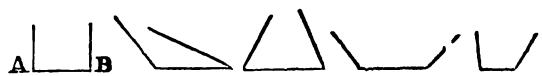
* Moral, literary, or scientific.

† Εὑρηκα.

you to bend one of your perpendiculars outwards; and thus to have enlarged the right-angle A, to an obtuse one. It will be found, that by exactly as much as you have made angle A exceed, by so much must you make angle B want of being a right angle; and that without doing this, you cannot join the uprights, so as to form a third angle. You must borrow an equivalent part of right-angle B, to pay off the exceedings of obtuse A:—it (B) must dwindle into an *acuteness*, compensatory of A's *obtuseness*; for still your materials for producing the three demanded angles, are but two right ones.—This is *case two*.—But suppose the uprights to be originally, not perpendiculars, but so inclined inwards, as that the angles A and B shall be both acute. This is only *case one*,—ready made to your hand. What are your materials for forming your third angle? the deficits of A and B: the angular quantities which you have made them want of being two right-angles. Out of the difference between rectangularity, and a certain degree of acute-angularity, you manufacture your third angle. Thus still we have the full, and merely the full complement of two right-angles, whereout to form our triangle. But lastly, suppose the deviation of both your uprights, from perpendicularity, to be outwards; so as that the angles A and B, which they form, are both obtuse; and thus, that you are supplied with *more* than two right angles, as your material.—Look, in your "mind's eye," at the diagram. You will at once perceive that no third angle can be formed. The two diverging uprights will always so diverge, and never can converge, so long as angles A and B both remain obtuse.—Thus having first shown, that you cannot form a triangle out of *less* than two right angles, I have now demonstrated that you cannot form one out of *more*. Therefore the three angles of a triangle must be always, and exactly, equal to two right ones: Q. E. D.

Numbers 1, 4, and 5 of the annexed diagrams, I conceive

to involve satisfactory proof of the allegations which they are intended to illustrate; and to cause the truth of those allegations *sauter aux yeux*. I doubt, too, whether No. 1 does not demonstrate Nos. 2 and 3. If not, I am content to call in aid my quondam instructor, Euclid. No. 5, in fact demonstrates the same thing as No. 4, viz, that too much is as bad as too little; and that accordingly a right and an obtuse angle, or two obtuse angles, being more than two right angles, you never can, by producing the lines which form them, mould those angles to a triangle, so long as their quantity remains what it is. Towards forming a triangle, you must get rid of their excess; and pare them down to what is barely equivalent to two right angles.



1 2 3 4 5

NOTE B.

I thought the first letter of the alphabet would have sufficed to cover my supplemental annotation. But behold me at the second; determined, however, not to push my encroachments farther. After I had concluded my "Rambles," having procured and opened Lord Brougham's book, I happened to light upon a passage which commences thus: "It is said that we do not see light." From the fourteen lines that follow, unless I misinterpret them, it would seem as if the noble writer was one of those who said so. The passage proceeds to state, that "we *certainly* can directly know the existence of light by no other sense but that of sight."—It appears to follow, that whoever adopts the above-cited opinion, must hold that we have no sensible perception of light at all; but merely infer, by an effort of our reason, its unseen—and no otherwise perceived—existence. "Diversity of

colour," this theorist* admits to be "an object of sense:"—*i. e.* that we can *see* red and blue; perceiving their existence by our *senses*; not inferring it through our *reason*.—The truth of this latter position Lord Brougham seems to doubt; and to be consistent with himself, in doubting. For in noticing "white light," he attaches *whiteness* to light. Therefore must we not, alternatively, pronounce—either that colours are not seen; or that there is an exception—not in favour, but disfavour—of the compound colour, *white*;† or that in supposing I behold a sheet of white paper before me, I am mistaken? Nay, must we not pronounce, that the seven primary colours, visible in their separate state, become invisible the moment they are compounded into white? or again, that "white light," visible *quâ* white, is invisible *quâ* light, and thus that the one object is at once unseen and seen? *Transparency* is not visible, (it would not be transparency if it was,) any more than is the atmosphere to which it appertains. Glass is visible, and so is water, because they are but imperfectly transparent. It is not their transparency,—but its deficiency that is seen.—But transparency is not light; though it may be a consequence of light; and light be a *sine qua non* to its existence. I can better conceive our seeing light, than darkness; the seeing of which latter is perhaps mainly the *not seeing* light, or those other objects which light brings to view. Unless it may be said, that light is a sort of white, and darkness a sort of black; and thus that it is as colours, that both become objects of vision; or rather, in the case of the latter, of perception;—for, that "darkness visible" is an anomaly, we may collect from Milton. If what we take to be a perception through our senses, of light, and of various colours, is in fact a mere

* By whom "it is said that we do not see light."
† I am assuming white to be composed of the seven primary colours.

inference of reason, how, in this respect, is the rational blind man, (and blind *à nativitate*,*) differently situated from him whose visual organs are unimpaired? and what a dull, irrational blind man was he, of whom Locke records, that he compared the colour scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet! Again, if inferior animals be destitute of reason, how can they be sensible of light or colours?—and why have bulls or turkey-cocks such an aversion to red cloaks?—What we *miss*, have we not *perceived?* Now let either day—or window-shutters—be completely closed,† and do we not *miss* light? Do we not feel ourselves *deprived of* it? and does not *privation* prove antecedent *presence?* For, can that have ceased *to be*, which never *was?*—But perhaps the existence of darkness, like that of light, is a mere inference of Reason; and that the enthymeme is this: *I cannot see: therefore there is no light.* But might not the blind man argue in the same way, in broad day,—and could we deny the truth of his single premiss?‡ Yet in admitting it, should we not adopt the *esse*

* And why should reason be put to the expense of *inferring* (Nature is an economist) what the senses had *perceived?* What need for argument and *reasoning*, where *intuition* is *demonstration?* It is mere surplusage, and waste.

† For, those

Rich windows, that exclude the light,

and to which Gray alludes, will not shut it out sufficiently for my experiment and purpose. Be they never so "richly dight," they will still be for "casting a dim, religious light" around.

‡ If the *effect* and essential nature of blindness (its *cause* is beside the question) be inability *to see*, those who see, by day, labour under a sort of *temporary blindness* in the dark.—When Pope wrote

On the sightless eye-ball pour the day,

he would appear to have conceived, that the existence of Light was—not inferred by the Reason; but perceived by the organ of vision.—*I* indeed conceive—that we not only see

The gay motes, that people the sun-beams;

but that we also, and this not in our mere *mind's*, but in our *body's eye*, behold the beam itself; the tropical country of this volatile and restless population.

is *percipi* of Berkeley?—whose arguments are, to me, at once unanswerable, and unconvincing; whose theories I find myself unable to disprove or believe. I will not say *sensus moresque repugnant;* inasmuch as the system of the learned bishop is neither impious nor immoral. But leaving out *moresque*, so refractory and restive are my *senses*, that what remains of the Horatian doctrine of repugnancy, I may apply. I have also fallen upon a passage, where, in treating of causes and effects, Lord Brougham expresses himself as follows: "Light uni-"formly succeeds dark: one o'clock always follows twelve: "but no man ever thought of calling or of deeming night to "be the cause of day, or noon of afternoon."—In the latter case, the want of all relation is not quite clear to me; though if Lord Brougham see none, probably none is to be seen. As one of the school of Carneades,* I however might inquire, whether *noon* be not in so far a cause of *afternoon*, that if there had not been the first, there could not be the second?—See how language, in its construction, indicates and records this. If you were to ask me *why*, at one o'clock, it is afternoon,—I perhaps might answer, BE-CAUSE (*i. e.* the cause is) that noon has been, and is past. The very name, AFTER-NOON, insinuates dependency and relation. A crow sails past my window: immediately after, a magpie flies across. If any one ask me why?—I will not answer, *because* the crow had just flown by. For the magpie might have made its transit, though the rook had not passed before. Flight the first was not a necessary introduction to flight the second; nor is the name of the piebald and *accidental* follower, AFTERMAGPIE.—But afternoon *is*, because noon *hath been*, and *is not*. So that, if a *sine qua non* be a cause, noon seems, in some degree and

* Was he not founder of the Academic sect? I have not my memory in head, or my Classical Dictionary at hand.—In some discussions, not in all, I am disposed to be more or less of an Academic.

sense, a cause of afternoon. Indeed might I, without being too Academic, doubt whether in all, or most cases, where there are correlatives, something resembling cause and effect must not subsist between them? perhaps, in some instances, interchangeably subsist, so as that there shall be what the lawyers call *cause, and cross cause?* I say *in some instances;* because I would hesitate to admit a theory, which might make Monday's afternoon a cause of Tuesday's noon; and it would be preposterous to hold the *apres-midi d' aujourdhui* a cause of that *midi*, which was no longer in existence, when it* came into being. Such doctrine would involve as bad chronology, as the Frenchman's question, "*did it rain to-morrow?*"—As for the other reciprocal successors, which are noticed by Lord Brougham, I am so dazzled by the one, and what Doctor Johnson might have called intenebrated by the other, that it is no wonder if I am blinded between both; and inclined to join in Horatio's exclamation:

"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"†

But does not day, by withdrawing itself, become a sort of conniving cause of night? an accessory before the fact of its negro birth? I will not venture to affirm the *vice versâ;* that night becomes, in requital, a source of day. I will imitate the caution which I have just been showing, in the case of Afternoon. Night may, too, have been a positive existence, in those chaotic periods, before ὁ φως ἐγένετο, and when "darkness was" still "upon the face of the deep."‡ But, since the sun began to radiate, and earth to spin upon its axis, night has dwindled to something very like a mere privation;

* Viz. L' apres midi.
† Hamlet.
‡ Genesis, i. 2.

produced* by Day's bidding us *bon soir*, or rather *felice notte*, after we have beheld the

> ——————— Western glories melt away:
> From the fair face of heaven, its blush retire;
> And Twilight softly close the eye of Day.†

Of course the privative night, of which I speak, is not that

> —— by starry escort led,
> and silver'd by the Moon;‡

but that, whose Cimmerian gloom is little more than a dark negation.§—If day and night be alternations, is not each *tant soit peu* the cause of the other, while the diurnal revolution of the globe is the common cause of both?—I cannot, with Gloster's piously fraudulent conductor, say, "I'll *look* no more:"‖ but I will *grope* no more, in darkness. *Je m' y. perds.* I am neither enough of witch or wizard, to "fly by night;" nor cat enough to have taught my pupils¶ to see in the dark.—In short, I am fairly *benighted;* and perhaps my reader is, by this time, indulging in those slumbers which are appropriate to all that is nocturnal; and knows nothing, but of those matters, *quorum nox conscia sola est.*—For the rest, Lord Brougham's reference, in his note,** to an observation of Mr. Stewart, seems to me to hint a qualm, as to the accuracy of his own positions; and when his Lordship adds,†† that

* If it be not a bull to talk of the production of privation.

† Anonymous Versifier.

‡ Ditto.

§ *Privative* is in things, what *negative* is in propositions.—BACON.

‖ Lear.

¶ My eye-pupils I mean. Yet would it seem that their discipline is sufficiently severe; for they are continually under the lash.

** P. 229.

†† In the text, p. 229.

"towards justifying us in pronouncing successive events to "be related, one to the other, as cause and effect,—not only "must the second event always have been found to follow "the first, but must never have been observed, without the "first preceding it,"—I read these positions, without feeling that they interfere with my conjectures; inasmuch as I have never seen an afternoon, that had not been preceded by a noon; nor a night that had not been introduced and prefaced by a day.

QUERY.

My gentle and tolerant Reader,—I fear he,
Unwarn'd, might mistake for a *note*, this mere *query*.
Will his Readership give me an answer; (much want it I;)
Was I guilty, in page twenty-four, of false quantity?
Be it known, I'm beginning to very much doubt it;
And hence all this doggerel pother about it.
With such prosody squabble, he's*—mayhap—amused;
Such fuss, to find out—was I falsely accused.†

EXTRACT.

I not only would not violate the promise, which I made in note B, of not extending farther my alphabetical encroachments,—but I should scruple to trespass on my reader, by another note. Accordingly, mark the difference, what follows is an *extract*, not a *note*. It consists of certain stanzas, (the composition of an anonymous versifier,) a line and a half of the first of which are given in page 132.

* The Reader. † By myself, in note, in page 24.

NIGHT.

How beautiful is Night! 'tis said:*
Yes: when by starry escort led,
And silver'd by the moon,
Her solemn azure's dark serene,
So spangled, canopies a scene,
Immers'd in lunar noon.†

Friend to the mariner, O thou,
Whose seven-fold lustre‡ decks the brow,
Dark brow of polar Night;
Aigrette of clustering brilliants, hail!
And beam on eyes, that never fail
To view thee with delight.

Nor blame, if Admiration turn
To where Orion's splendours burn,
To light the southern sky:
His gem-wrought belt, and sparkling sword,
And luminous extremes afford
Range of resplendency.§

As though reflecting Earth, I ween,
Is the green light of Sirius seen,
Our south horizon near:‖
Arcturus smiles; and planets rove:
Earth's sister, Venus, ampler Jove
In the bright crowd appear.

* By Southey.

† There to behold the wandering Moon, riding at her highest noon.
MILTON.

‡ Charles's Wain; the seven stars, whose pointers show the Cynosure; the mariner's guide; especially before the discovery of the compass.

§ The area contained within the boundary stars of this constellation is very extensive.

‖ Sirius (the dog-star) shines with a greenish light.

But chief to thee the Muse would tune
Nocturnal lyre, sweet Clair de Lune;
O how I love that light!
Mysterious, pensive, pale, severe,*
'Tis but Light's spectre, as it were,
Haunting the shades of night.

Behold you yonder gush of light?
How wanly splendid! sadly bright!
How much akin to gloom!
O glimpse to share a cloister's shade,
To slumber in a cypress glade,
Or smile upon a tomb!

Is tomb an apt allusion,—say?
And Night the shadowy death of Day,
Dark, silent, solemn, chill?—
Than moonlight paler, not a breath,
Or sound enlivens night of Death;
Pall-covered, cold, and still.

I spare my Reader the perusal of some stanzas which remain.

* Severe—exempt from all levity of appearance; grave; sober; sedate.
MILTON.

CADUCA,

OR

GRANDEUR ET DECADENCE.*

Its morn and evening hath the Day;
  Vast Ocean hath its ebb and flow;
And see the circling Year display
  Autumnal droop, and vernal blow.

Transient alike, our fading bloom
  On tide of Time is swept away:
Our tell-tale tresses share its doom,
  And golden morn grows evening gray.†

Where is the blushing rainbow gone?
  Absorb'd in yonder murky cloud:
Where is Amanda's beauty flown?
  Alas! to wither in a shroud.

Th' Olympic Conqueror—high in air—
  On his broad shoulder lifts the bull:‡
Stupendous strength!—behold it.—where?
  In yonder skeleton and skull.

Was none, in arms for Greece array'd,
  So hideous as Thersites seen;
While, who proud Troy in ashes laid,
  Bright Helen—every heart could win.

* See Dedication.

† Sparsis per tempora *canis*. The Poet (Ovid) is speaking of Autumn, the *evening of the Year*.

‡ Historical: recorded of a Greek Athlete, MILO. See *Cicero de Senectute*, x. 33, and also, ix. 27; where the *wane* of this mighty strength, as weakly deplored by Milo, is noticed, with disapprobation of this weakness.

He—Ugliness personified;
  She fair as Scotland's lovely queen:*
But say, when mouldering side by side,
  In which has Death the sweetest grin?

Imperial Ilium† had its day:
  Its castles tower'd; its temples shone:
Now,—more than fallen to decay,
  Its last faint vestiges are gone.‡

Thy standard,—world-commanding Rome,
  O'er subject nations wont to rear,
Troy's offspring,‖—what art thou become?
  What, but thine own sad sepulchre!§

Thy hundred-gated city's fame,¶
  Rich Egypt,—what hath been its doom?
Thy Conquests, Monarchs, Learning, Name,
  Find in thy Pyramids their tomb.**

Once brilliant shores, how great! how free!
  That Egypt colonized of yore,††
Lo, Byron and the Turk agree,
  If Greece, are "living Greece no more."‡‡

* Mary Queen of Scots.

† Ilium, Troy.

‡ Etiam periere ruinæ.

‖ The Romans claimed to derive their origin from Æneas, and the Trojan Colony which he established in Latium.

§ In Pope, if my memory serve me, is the following line:

"*See Rome its own sad sepulchre appear.*"

¶ Thebes, the capital of Egypt, celebrated by Homer.

** Conquests, as of Sesostris.—Egypt was eminent for its learning. The Pyramids were really the tombs of its Kings.

†† The early States of Greece were founded by Egyptian and Phenician colonies.

‡‡ Childe Harold.

Stern Sparta, Athens eloquent,
Or soil whence Theban Eagle soar'd,*
Lo! Time hath all your glories rent;
And chokes your voice; and rusts your sword.

Illustrious Isle, Phœnician Crete,
Theme of the early world's applause,
Where be they gone—that made you great?
Your Fleets, your Minos, and your Laws!†

Bright reign of Incas, or Mogul,‡
Or Erin's—whilom learned and great,§
Your transient splendours saw their *full*;
Dim *wane* was also in their fate.

Palmyra *view*; *seek* Babylon;
Of bygone Majesty the boast;
This vanished; *that* to ruin gone;
Of Realms the skeleton—or dust.

Fair Oxford, even thy classic bowers,
Where brightly rose my early Day,
Thy graceful spires, thy ponderous towers,
Thy beauties all—must pass away.‖

* Pindar;—called by Gray, "The Theban Eagle." Progress of Poesy. When Alexander the Great sacked and razed Thebes, he excepted the descendant of Pindar (*τοὺς ἀπὸ Πινδάρου γεγονότας*) from the general lot of its inhabitants.—Plutarch's Life of Alexander, eleventh section.

† Crete was famous for its naval power, its Prince, and its Laws, (the model of those of Lycurgus) 1400 years before the Christian era.

‡ Peru, under its Incas, seems to have attained to a flourishing state of eminence, at the time of Pizarro's invasion. The now dwindled empire of the Great Mogul, in the East, was once of considerable magnitude and splendour.

§ See D'Alton's Essay on the Ancient History of Ireland; Introduction (first page)—and period 1st, section 4th.

‖ Fors et tempus erit, cum tu, Rhedecyna, sub astris
Edita, cum centum turribus, ipsa rues.
[*Archbishop Markham, in Carmina Quadragesimalia.*

Yet what thy student sons receive,
(Scanty the share that fell to me,)
Of mental culture—*that* can give,
Which Man calls Immortality.

But 'tis not so: though classic name,
On flag of fair Renown unfurled,
Of times remote the notice claim,
It scarcely can outlive the World.

But there is that which cannot fade:
Yes; there is that which braves decay:
Flee Earth! a scroll ye Heavens be made!
God's word shall never pass away.

These Stanzas were composed by the author of those just given, entitled NIGHT. Both poems were written more than five years ago; and neither has (until now) been ever published.

In page 56, note second, Genesis, i. 7, should be, Genesis, ii. 7.

THE END.

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